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NEW WAYS AND THE OLD PERSON.

By the Old Person I don't mean old as aged, but old as against young: middle-old; the person who has done with, or done for, the business of mating; of whom one says, he hath or hath not hair, good spirits, or a waistline; who is credited with playing a fair game for his age; who, gazing upon the lessening delight of his image in the morning glass, assures himself that he feels as young as ever and that youth is an overrated affair anyhow. In short, I mean the person who, but a little while ago, could have comforted himself with the reflection that it was he, and not the youngster bawling at the piano yonder, who was acknowledged heir to all ages past and sponsor for the years to come.

But a little while ago! Before Dr. Osler made his fateful remark; before the motor had speeded up life and the movie had speeded up the drama; before Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Wells, and the rest, began so sportively to expound the inferiority of parents. We who were born in the seventies and eighties — who among us ever doubted that his father and mother in their green middle age were the real thing, that it was they who were doing the real business of living, and that the world was, on the whole, properly arranged for their comfort and convenience? Paterfamilias was not a word of mockery then; it stood for a reality, official and august; nor was his consort a person to be flouted. They demanded respect of us, and we innocently yielded it to them.

Well, we begin now to see how weak of us that must have been. There, we may suppose, was our lost opportunity. Who knows? If it had occurred to us to assert ourselves, to oppose the wisdom of youth to the dried formulas of age, we might have found father amenable enough behind his dundrearys, mother apologetic enough under her shawl. But it did not occur to us. We might, in sanguine hours, aspire to hoodwink those ancients, but alas, we never dreamed of browbeating them. Thus, it appears, we fell between two stools. For times changed, and manners with them; and somehow, when at

last we had grown up, and produced descendants, and (feeling that it was now our turn) placed ourselves in a convenient attitude to be respected and deferred to by them, all we got for our pains was a stare and a giggle, and a rear view of careless youthful shoulders.

This kind of shock has to be met. In a way we have adapted ourselves to it; the new order even has its compensations. Side-whiskers and shawls have vanished with the authority they symbolized. Some privileges we expected to sacrifice on the altar of middle age remain to us. We may be as light-minded and irresponsible as we choose. Since nobody has any respect for us anyhow, we need not waste time standing on our dignity. We need no longer pretend to be infallible, as persons of our age had to a generation ago. We need not wear rubbers or abstain from smoking for the sake of our influence, since we possess nothing of the kind. It is not to be wondered at that this sudden emancipation reacts upon us in striking ways. We skit, we gambol in the open, we cavort to measure in enclosed pens, shamelessly vying with our juniors. One of these days some clever fellow (presumably English) will remark that the man is father to the child,—and so win applause as begetter of a brilliant paradox.

And yet somehow the situation isn't all comfort and luxury for us. In sober moments we have an uneasy feeling that there is a screw loose somewhere, and that it ought to be attended to if the old machine is to be kept going. Life isn't all beer and skittles, even since the Victorians lugged their adages off the scene. There has to be some sort of responsibility and authority somewhere.

Here is the matter of books and reading, for instance. Under the régime that flourished in our own youth, we were supposed to be protected from certain manifestations of literary art. The theory was applied rather loosely to the literature of the past. Bowdler went sniffing among the pages of the school Shakespeare, but no parent thought of denying his child the home edition. Infants were urged to read the Bible through, and hideous passages were mumbled over at family prayers. "Don Juan" was probably at hand behind the glass doors of the black-walnut bookcase; and among the musty old calf volumes on the top shelf, an inquiring hand might even search out a "Tom Jones" or a "Roderick Random." But as for contemporary literature, theory and practice were firm enough. "Virginibus puerisque,"—our elders lived and wrote in the fear of the Young Person. I dare say they felt that to be themselves worthy of respect, they must reverence that young mind, they must take care not to outrage those pure youthful sensibilities. There were large spaces of fact and fancy from which the young must be restrained till the little wings were strong enough to bear them safely through those perilous chaotic regions.

All that has been changed pretty thoroughly. Childhood is still guarded after a fashion. We make some attempt, at least, to distract infancy from the salty fare of contemporary fiction by plying it with specially concocted sweetmeats known as "children's books." Meantime the age of literary consent has been steadily pushed back to the nether verge of adolescence. The fact is, youth in its teens is no longer the Young Person, the innocent ward of age and experience. It is humanity in the ascendant, the ruling power, which has a right to know what sort of world it is set to rule over. In short, it must get to know "life" by the shortest cuts possible. For its edification, therefore, the magazines and the book-stalls and the theatres, and here and there a public library, are setting forth without stint "the elementary facts of life." Now we all know what that means—not much more and nothing less than the risky or the seamy side of sex. This new order of things permits the most isolated of budding maidens to inspect a world of print in which sexual passion, with or without a veil of romantic glamour, stalks proudly at noonday. A very little reading in the right quarters will instruct her, on the one hand, how not to become a white slave, and, on the other, how to become a mistress, with or without the wedding ring. I think the cheap glamourists have most to answer for. I have daughters, and I wish they would read that manly animal Fielding instead of the gilded prurience of Mr. R. W. Chambers and his crew.

In all this pseudo-lore of sex the maiden we know is a hoary grandmother, compared with the Young Person of half a century ago, her own grandmother in the flesh. Her, the reverent or if you like sentimental art of that period loved to picture in well-disposed ringlets, dove on finger, gazing innocently from

her chamber-window upon a world which was all a sweet and tolerably silly mystery to her. Her descendant carries a cigarette upon her finger, and strides through the streets looking about critically, and sees no reason for any mystery whatever about her soul or her ankles,—and indeed there is little room for speculation about either. She doesn't mind if the Old Person thinks her vulgar, as long as nobody can fairly accuse her of being genteel. As for reading, give her books that deal fearlessly with "life." She has her opinion about Strindberg, and she will discourse you cheerfully upon real books like "Ann Veronica," which shows what a fine thing it is to be a free female, or "The Dark Flower," which shows what rotten humbugs middle-aged men are.

At this point I may cheerfully (and conveniently) own that I was set upon my little journey of inquiry by a suggestion let fall by the editor of THE DIAL in a letter written to me about a year ago. "I have sometimes thought," he said, "that the entire problem has gradually been turned topsy-turvy of recent years,—that the mass of realistic novels and plays now appearing are frankly intended for the Young Person, who is their most numerous, most understanding, and most appreciative patron; *and that it is the older generation, reared in a more reticent or (if you will) narrower tradition, whose susceptibilities really need shielding and sheltering.*"

The passage which I have italicized especially stuck in my mind: I believe there is a whimsical truth in it, and that the younger generation now and then show signs of realizing it. I happen to have heard very recently of two incidents in point, both of which befell Old Persons of my own little town. One of them is a bachelor, a devoted churchman, and very fond of boys. Last winter, in all innocence, he treated a group of choirboys and acolytes to the most revolting brothel-play Broadway has thus far produced. Apparently it made little impression on the boys, but, said one of them, "It was too bad—Mr. X was kind of broken up, I guess." The other instance is of another contemporary of mine, a cultivated woman (as we used to say), with a daughter of (as we used to say) marriageable age. The daughter not long ago took her to a play which was scoring a notable run in New York. You observe that the daughter took her, to begin with. "It was a dreadful play," said my contemporary, in reporting the incident, "not only wicked, but vulgarly wicked. Mildred seemed quite enthralled. 'It's so real,' she kept saying, whenever the worst things were happening. I stood it till the end of the second act, and then I said to her, 'Mildred, if you think this is the kind of play to bring your mother to, I don't.' It didn't occur to me how funny that was till later. I don't think it occurred to her at all. She was rather annoyed at having to go, but I believe she really felt she mightn't have done her duty by me!"

The Comic Spirit might here discern the basis for a reasonable adjustment of the new relation,—a working proposition, as it were. It is clear that the moral works of society cannot run without a balance-wheel of innocence somewhere. If the young are to repudiate that function, upon their shoulders should lie the responsibility of its maintenance. We took no end of trouble with them once: now why shouldn't they return the compliment? Let them change the tag to "Viris feminisque reverentia debetur," and be a little gingerly with us, in common humanity. Very cheerfully, for our part, we might render them the respect due to superior wisdom, with its burden of mysterious and unpleasant duties. Very contentedly we might leave them to their literary grubbing in the muck-heaps of human nature and experience, until such time as they might weary of that sorry task. For the time would come: I cannot believe, at least, that they would willingly bequeath such tasks, responsibilities so carking and so dingy, to their children. Who knows but even in our own time the wheel will come full circle, and the status of the Young Person be in some measure (not bodily, let us hope!) restored, by those who in their day have experienced the perils and the penalties of the prematurely old?

H. W. BOYNTON.

NEW NOTES ON POE'S EARLY YEARS.

There are still sundry dark places in the life of Poe. For this no one is so much responsible as the poet himself. He was extremely fond of mystifying his public; and where he did not resort to mystification—or to misrepresentation, as happened more than once—he was disposed to observe a more or

less complete silence with regard to himself. In particular he was inclined to reticence concerning his early life in London and Richmond and Baltimore. Several years ago I succeeded, through a partial examination of the letters and office-books of the business firm to which the poet's foster-father, John Allan, belonged (papers now in the possession of the Library of Congress and known as the "Ellis-Allan Papers"), in clearing away some of the obscurities that have surrounded Poe's earliest years in London and Richmond. I am now able, as a result of a further examination of these papers, to throw light on certain other obscure or disputed points in his history at this time. And I have, through an examination of certain court records and of the files of several old newspapers, and a re-examination in the light of these of the evidence already at hand, managed also to uncover one or two new facts about his life in Baltimore in the early thirties.

I.

The most interesting of the new bits of information that I have come across in the Ellis-Allan Papers is a bill for Poe's schooling in London in 1816. This document makes it clear that Poe was not a pupil, as has been generally supposed and as he himself held ("Virginia Poe," I, p. 344), at the school of the Rev. John Bransby at Stoke Newington throughout his five years' stay in England (1815-20), but that he spent a part of this time at a school in the city of London — a boarding school kept by the Misses Dubourg in Sloane street, near the South Kensington Museum. This bill runs as follows:

Masr. Allan's School Acct. to Midsr. 1816.

Board & Tuition ¼ year.....	7	17	6
Separate Bed	1	1	0
Washing	0	10	6
Seat in Church.....	0	3	0
Teachers & Servants.....	0	5	0
Writing	0	15	0
Do. Entrance	0	10	6
Copy Book, Pens &c.....	0	3	0
Medicine, School Expences.....	0	5	0
Repairing Linen, shoe-strings &c..	0	3	0
Mavor's Spelling	0	2	0
Fresnoy's Geography	0	2	0
Prayer Book	0	3	0
Church Catechism explained.....	0	0	9
Catechism of Hist. of England...	0	0	9
	£12	2	0

On the *verso* of this paper the words "Masr. Allan's School Acct. School recommences, Monday, 22nd, July" are written; and in one corner of the same page is entered the notation: "Bill & Rect Edgar's School Acct to midsumr 1816....[£]12–2–0." On a slip of paper accompanying the bill is a receipt bearing date July 6, 1816, and signed by George Dubourg. On the cash-book of the firm of Allan & Ellis there appears under the same date the following entry: "pd Miss Dubourgs a/c for Edgar....[£]12–2–0." George Dubourg was a brother of the Misses Dubourg, as appears from several letters in the collection, and was employed by Allan & Ellis in 1816-7 as a book-keeper and copyist in their London establishment.

That Poe was also a pupil of the Misses Dubourg in the second half of 1816 is shown by an entry in the Ellis-Allan cash-book under date December 28, 1816: "pd Miss Dubourg's a/c for Edgar....[£]23–16–0." There is a similar entry in the same volume under date August 28, 1817, for "Edgar's School a/c....[£]24–16–0."; but whether this was paid to the Misses Dubourg or to Dr. Bransby is not clear,— though the fact that the amount specified tallies closely with that paid the Misses Dubourg in the preceding December would indicate that Poe continued his studies in Sloane street down to the middle of 1817.

Not without interest also are several letters written by John Allan in 1815 to his partner, Charles Ellis, in Richmond, in which mention is made of the boy Poe. In a letter from Liverpool on July 29, 1815, the day after his arrival in England, Allan gives an account of his voyage across the Atlantic, and notes that although certain of his party were "verry sick" on the voyage, Edgar was only "a little sick, and soon recovered." From Greenock, Scotland, he wrote on September 21 on the same subject: "Edgar says Pa: say something for me say I was not afraid coming across the sea." In a letter from London written one October evening shortly after he went up to the city, Allan represents himself as seated, as he writes, before "a snug fire in a nice little sitting parlour in No. 47 Southampton Row," while "Frances" and "Nancy" (Mrs. Allan and her sister) are sewing and Edgar is "reading a little Story Book." A letter of May 18, 1816, from one of Poe's playmates in Richmond, C. M. Portiaux, conveys this message to the future poet: "Give my love to Edgar and tell him I want to see him very much . . I expect Edgar does not know what to make of such a large City as London tell him Josephine and all the children want to see him."

Several entries in the office-books of Charles Ellis serve to confirm certain traditions as to Poe's visit to Richmond in 1829-30. Under date of March 3, 1829, John Allan is

charged with a bill of dry-goods sold "p[er] order to E A P," which authenticates the tradition that Poe returned to Richmond soon after the death of the first Mrs. Allan. (Among the items in this bill are three yards of black cloth at twelve dollars a yard, three pairs of black hose at four shillings per pair, and one "London Hat" at ten dollars.) Another entry, under date of January 8, 1830, proves that Poe was again in Richmond early in the following year; and an entry on January 28 of the same year indicates that he remained in Richmond on this visit for several weeks. On May 12, 1830, Allan is charged with a bill of dry-goods, "p[er] E. Poe," in which four blankets (evidently intended for the poet's use at West Point) are the leading item.

II.

The most obscure period in the life of Poe is that of the two and a half years immediately following his expulsion from West Point in March, 1831. That he went to Baltimore shortly after leaving the Academy is established by a letter that he wrote to a Baltimore editor, William Gwynn, on May 6, 1831. That he was living in Baltimore in the autumn of 1833 is established by John P. Kennedy's reminiscences of him in connection with his winning "The Baltimore Visiter's" short-story prize in October, 1833. The evidence as to his whereabouts in the intervening years is conflicting. Mr. Ingram, Poe's English biographer, declares that the correspondence of Mrs. Clemm, aunt and mother-in-law of the poet, indicates that he did not live in Baltimore at this time. To like effect, also, as Professor Woodberry points out, is the testimony of a Baltimore cousin and sweetheart, Miss Elizabeth Herring. But the testimony of another Baltimore sweetheart, Miss Mary Devereaux, and of an early friend, Lambert A. Wilmer, is to the effect that he did live in Baltimore most of this time.*

Professor Woodberry takes the position in his revised life of Poe that the testimony of Mrs. Clemm and of Miss Herring must give way before the more circumstantial accounts of Wilmer and Miss Devereaux, and he concludes that the evidence in the case justifies the assumption that Poe was living in Baltimore throughout the period in question. An examination of the testimony of Wilmer and Miss Devereaux in the light of contemporary evidence not hitherto brought to bear on the case leads me to believe that Professor Woodberry is correct, in the main, in the inferences that he draws from their testimony, but that he is mistaken in assuming that they connect Poe with Baltimore for the entire period. The reminiscences of these two early acquaintances of the poet make it reasonably certain that Poe lived in Baltimore from May, 1831, to the autumn of 1832; but in my judgment they do not prove that he lived in Baltimore during the following year.

Mr. Woodberry proceeds on the theory that the year of Wilmer's association with Poe — when he saw the poet daily "for weeks together" — was 1833. "It is necessary," he asserts, "to connect Wilmer's recollections with the year 1833, and especially with its latter part, when Poe won the prize in the 'Visiter's' competition." But notices of the "Visiter" in the "Baltimore Chronicle" of January 6, 1832, and later dates, make it plain that Wilmer's connection with the "Visiter" began in January, 1832, with the establishment of that paper; and it terminated six or eight months later, as he tells us in his recollections, when, after a squabble with the proprietors of the paper, he brought suit against them in chancery. The Baltimore court records show that this suit was instituted on August 10, 1832, and that, after a preliminary trial, it was transferred, on September 29, to the higher courts at Annapolis. It was settled soon afterward, and about the same time (in the "chinkapin season," as Wilmer tells us, or before the end of October) he left Baltimore; and he was not closely associated with the poet again until 1834 or 1835.

The recollections of Miss Devereaux, which Professor Woodberry associates with the years 1832-3, relate, I believe, to the years 1831-2. She declares that she first met the poet in the summer, shortly after his return from West Point, and that the period of her intimacy with him (when he called on her daily) lasted but a year — "from summer to summer." She associates in time the termination of their intercourse with an occasion apparently referred to also by Wilmer, — that of an eve-

* The reminiscences of Miss Devereaux are embodied in an article contributed by Augustus Van Cleef to "Harper's Monthly" for March, 1889. Wilmer's reminiscences were published in the "Baltimore Commercial" of May 23, 1866, and in his volume, "Our Press Gang." Miss Devereaux's name is not mentioned by Van Cleef, but it is given by F. W. Thomas in his sketch of Poe on the authority of a Baltimore acquaintance of his, James Tuhey (see J. H. Whitty, "Poems of Poe," p. xxxiv), and the identification of the two is virtually established by the Baltimore directories for the early thirties. Miss Devereaux asserts that she lived on Essex street (evidently a slip for Exeter street — there was no Essex street in Baltimore), next door to the home of her landlord, a Mr. Newman, and that Mrs. Clemm "lived around the corner" in a street that crossed her own. The Baltimore directory for 1831 (there was no issue for 1832) represents the uncle of Miss Devereaux, James Devereaux (with whom, apparently, she lived), as making his home at 38 North Exeter street, and reports at the same time that Lawson Newman lived in Exeter street, near Wilks, and that Mrs. Clemm lived in Mechanic's Row, Wilks street. Before May, 1833, according to the directory of that year, Mrs. Clemm had moved to Amity street, but Newman still lived on Exeter street, and both Newman and the Devereaux family were living on Exeter street in 1832-6.

ning's carousal on the part of the poet with some West Point comrades whom he had chanced to meet. It would seem, then, that the break between the two lovers came shortly before Wilmer left Baltimore; and she states that she did not see the poet again until several years after his marriage.

We are accordingly justified, I think, in concluding that Poe made his home in Baltimore from the spring of 1831 to the autumn of 1832; but until further evidence is forthcoming, we can not be certain where he lived from the autumn of 1832 to the autumn of 1833.

There is uncertainty also as to Poe's activities during these years. Mrs. Weiss records a story to the effect that he was seen on one occasion during his early life in Baltimore at work in a brick-yard. F. W. Thomas reports —on the testimony, apparently, of another (see Whitty's edition of the poems, p. xxxiv) —that he wrote for the newspapers while in Baltimore; and according to the same authority he went on a voyage to Ireland at some time during this period. Wilmer states that when he knew him in 1832 he had already composed some of his stories. That his chief literary employment at this time was upon his stories is the view that now seems most plausible, though he may also have had some irregular newspaper connection. That he was at work on his stories then is established by the fact, which has escaped his biographers, that he published five of his tales in a Philadelphia weekly in the year 1832.

On January 14, 1832, there appeared in the Philadelphia "Saturday Courier" his story "Metzengerstein." The same paper published on March 3, 1832, his "Duc de l'Omelette"; this was followed on June 9 by "A Tale of Jerusalem"; and on November 10 by "Loss of Breath" (under the title "A Decided Loss"); and on December 1 by "Bon-Bon" (under the title "The Bargain Lost"). Each of these was published anonymously, and each was to be republished, in revised form, several years later in the "Southern Literary Messenger."

The "Courier" was a weekly much after the order of the "Saturday Evening Post," its most important rival. It had been established early in 1831; and in its issue of July 31, 1831, it had announced a short-story contest, in which a prize of one hundred dollars was offered. It is probable that Poe originally submitted his tales in competition for this prize. According to the rules of the contest, all stories submitted had to be in the hands of the proprietors by December 1, 1831. The decision of the judges was announced in the "Courier" on December 31, 1831: the prize of one hundred dollars was awarded to "Miss Delia S. Bacon, of the State of New York, author of 'The Tales of the Puritan,' etc.," for her story "Love's Martyr." This story was printed in the "Courier" on January 7, 1832; and in the "Courier" of the following week appeared "Metzengerstein."

The revelation that Poe published some of his stories so early as 1832 makes it necessary to revise slightly the view heretofore held as to the time at which he began his short-story writing. His biographers have assumed that the earliest of his tales to find its way into print was the "MS. Found in a Bottle," published in the "Baltimore Visiter" in October, 1833, and it has been supposed that he first became actively interested in the short story either in 1833 or in the preceding year. It now becomes plain that he began his career as a writer of stories not later than the autumn of 1831.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN PARIS.

THE NEW ACADEMY AWARDS, AND SOME OTHERS. — ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF LITERARY PRIZES.— THE TOULOUSE FLORAL GAMES.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

This is the season in France for the awarding of prizes by the great and small literary and scientific bodies all over the country; and among the French, probably more than in any other nation, this custom flourishes. Next to the passion for honorific decorations, the thirst for being "crowned" or a "laureate" is most characteristic of this people. Every summer, at the end of the school year, the streets of Paris are thickly sprinkled with the children of the primary schools returning home with their proud parents, a wreath of artificial laurel around their young heads and a bundle of red-bound books under their arms; while at "the distribution of prizes" of the high-schools and colleges, the grown-up boys and girls are ladened to profusion with medals and volumes of every size, subject, and value. Thus habituated from their earliest childhood to this prize-giving and prize-accepting practice, the fashion is observed by both parties concerned to the very end of life, medals and especially money being the award generally conferred on the adults of France.

The book-trade is largely accountable for the flourishing of this usage, and is one of the principal gainers thereby. It profits in two ways. In the first place, every well regu-

lated French publishing house has a department of prize books; and in the second place, authors with an itch for winning these distinctions are only too prone to print their books beforehand in order to accomplish this object the better, or to print them afterwards when, as manuscripts, the honor has been attained. In fact, it is the few hundred francs thus acquired that generally serve to pay the printer's bill. In either case this prize mania brings much grist to the publishing and printing mills of France.

The most distinguished prize-dispenser in this land, and the one whose bounties and honors are the most sought after, is of course the French Academy. In fact, the annual ceremony in this connection is one of the chief events of the literary season of Paris, the principal number on the programme being the Report on the Competitions written and read by the Perpetual Secretary, who seizes the occasion to prepare a well-turned speech which is much enjoyed by the limited public crowded into the exiguous and old-fashioned auditorium which the venerable and conservative Academy persists in preserving as its home. Thus for the year just ended, it was M. Étienne Lamy who held forth; and what he said, and said well, had a special interest just now, for both in 1914 and 1915 the literary prizes of the French Academy were bestowed on the young writers killed in the service of their country. It was a touching ceremony, performed with all the taste and sentiment for which the French are distinguished in functions of this kind.

"Among death's victims," began the Perpetual Secretary, "some die more than others. The most destroyed are those who contained in themselves the most of life; hence it is that the tenderest pity goes forth to the youngest of those who are no more. What life there was in those who sixteen months ago went forth from the colleges to the battlefield! These boys whom war transformed into men did not have time to make a name; their signatures are found only at the end of a thesis and they are signalized only because they are the sons of famous parents." And then the orator awarded prizes, which it was customary in the past to confer on graybeards in literature, to lads who in some cases scarcely had shaved the down of boyhood from their upper lip. Such are André Michel, "by right of birth devoted to art" (his father is conservator of the Louvre Museum); Charles Picard, "son and grandson of great mathematicians"; Jean Maspero, "formed by the master of the oldest history" (Gaston Maspero, the Egyptologist); Lionel des Rieux, "more famous perhaps as the grandson of Chénier than for his 'Le Chœur des Muses'"; and then he told us of Allan Méeus, boy of twenty at Saint Cyr, the West Point of France, when the war broke out, who was the class poet and who carried with him to the front in his haversack his first and only thin little volume of verse, "Rêves d'Amour et de Gloire"—"how the title fits the age"!—and then he is awarded—and what fitness here, too—the François Coppée Prize. And thus were hallowed the names of nearly eighty young French men of letters.

M. Emile Boutroux said to me after this memorable ceremony:

"In order to make it perfectly clear that the Academy wished to honor the supreme devotion of these noble young men, joined to the money award was a gold medal with a proper inscription which will perpetuate the souvenir. But the Academy had in mind not only the expression of the gratitude of the nation to those who have given their lives in order that the nation may remain free and great. Faithful to its mission to hold high the standard of letters, the Academy seized this occasion to mark what, in its eyes, characterizes the veritable grandeur of the man of letters. Pascal has said that one is charmed when, expecting to find simply an author, one discovers in addition a man, and Vauvenargues has written this celebrated phrase: 'Grand thoughts come from the heart.' Such is the view taken by the French Academy. It does not look upon letters as simply a source of intellectual amusement, a more or less distinguished pastime. It holds that letters penetrate life and reality, revealing what is most profound and best in the human soul, a power capable of lessening the woes of humanity and of lifting up the heart towards an ideal. Hence it is that the French Academy has found a peculiar attraction in crowning these men of letters who have well served their country, seeing in them not only true patriots but writers who have fulfilled to the uttermost limit their rôle as men of letters by uniting the virtues of the man to the talents of the intellect."

And the Academy of Sciences, though by its nature further removed from the troubles of the hour, has not shown itself, in awarding its prizes during the past two years, wholly oblivious to the war. In 1914 it gave a prize of 15,000 francs to the military hospital opened by the Institute in the former Thiers mansion in the Place St. Georges, given to the Institute some years ago by the historian's family; and at its recent annual Public Meeting, the retiring president, M. Edmond Perrier, the naturalist, conferred prizes on fifteen young scientists killed in battle. "I know," he said, among other things, "a grand scientific establishment ninety of whose members are at the front"; and M. Camille Jordan,

the distinguished mining engineer, who succeeded him as president for 1916, was received by the audience with the warmest marks of sympathy when it was known that he had had his three sons killed in battle.

But the prizes of this Academy are interesting for other than military reasons. Such is the Bréant Prize of 100,000 francs, which awaits "the person who finds the way of curing Asiatic cholera and who discovers the cause of this terrible curse." Another 100,000 francs stands ready for "the person who solves the problem of communicating with a star other than the planet Mars," and the donor adds with much good sense: "Foreseeing that this prize cannot be given immediately, the founder has expressed the wish that until then, the interest on the capital be employed every five years as a prize for a French or foreign scientist who has contributed something of importance towards the progress of astronomy." The Osiris triennial prize is for the same amount of money and is on somewhat similar lines,—"for a discovery or very remarkable work in science, letters, arts, or industry, and in a general way, in everything of public interest." A less pretentious but very practical prize is that provided by one of the female descendants of Laplace, a complete set of the great astronomer's works for the young man who each year stands at the head of his class at the famous Paris Polytechnic School, whose foundation was largely due to the efforts of Laplace. The widow of a certain other scientist displays less good taste when she provides an annual prize "for a young scientist whose work has been overlooked," on condition that "the recipient visits the tomb of her husband at Montparnasse cemetery the month following the award." The act of "John Sanford Saltus, a New York artist"—I copy this time from the official list of the Academy of Fine Arts—does not seem to be very happy, either, for he offers "an annual prize of a hundred dollars to the painter of a battle-picture exhibited at the Paris Salon." The son of Henner improves on this, for he has arranged to have an annual sum of 9000 francs divided equally among three young men leaving the Academy of France at Rome and to be given to them during three years, until they get started in their artistic career. Often the prize is not only richly merited but very helpful, as was the case when the poor old entomologist, the late J. H. Fabre, was awarded a 2000 franc prize; and when M. Gaillot, who is now over eighty and was one of Leverrier's faithful assistants, was remembered in a similar way, because he had promised the great astronomer, almost on his dying bed, that the tables of Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune, and Uranus would be carefully revised, and this great task M. Gaillot has now accomplished. The French Academy grants certain awards for the promotion of music and dramatic arts which are also worthy of approval. Thus, M. Alfred Poizat, the author of "Sophonisbe," and M. Gustave Guiches, the author of "Vouloir," both recently given at the Théâtre français, each received this year the Toirac Prize, which carried with it 4000 francs, while the Émile Augier Prize of 5000 francs was awarded to Mlle. Marie Lenéru for her "Les Affranchis," given with success at the Odéon.

This appetite for prizes comes out well in the history of the Paris Society of Men of Letters (Société des Gens de Lettres), which was established in 1838 originally for the unique purpose of having a care for the copyright interests of authors. But as early as 1852 the prevalent craving began to show itself, when Baron Trémont founded the first prize, and now at the end of each year the committee awards something like a score. During the past month a new one has been announced; the talented artist, M. Henri Nocq, has just composed a medal to be named in honor of the late Paul Hervieu, which M. Georges Lecomte, the president, states "will be distributed on very rare occasions." Speaking of the prize-giving by this society, M. Paul Souday said to me recently: "Here the objections to the custom are more legitimate than in the case of the French Academy, where, as a rule, the best writers of France sit as judges, whereas the committee of the Society of Men of Letters is not chosen with this aim in view." A young writer, M. Florian-Parmentier, is still severer on this custom than is M. Souday. In his recent book, "Histoire Contemporaine des Lettres Françaises" (Paris: Figuière, 5 francs), a book which, by the way, should be in the hands of everyone who wishes to understand the complex literature of the France of today, he considers these prizes the equivalent of the old-time pensions, and condemns them because they are awarded to intriguing and begging candidates, and go even to writers who are rich. In a letter which I have just received from him written from the army, where he is a *maréchal des logis*, he says: "The Society of Men of Letters has just given me a prize for my last book!" The exclamation mark is mine. But M. Salomon Reinach takes issue with M. Florian-Parmentier:

"This is all nonsense. It may happen that a rich man writes a good book and gets a prize, but

nobody on the committee — I have often served on them in my Academy of Inscriptions — ever enquires if a book is by a Croesus or an Irus; that concerns nobody. But a more serious objection to the system arises from the fact that the number of prizes in the French Academy is now so large that the members of the different committees can not possibly read all the books sent in; so it happens that some volumes get prizes because the author is said to be in great want, because the title seems serious, or because the work has been highly 'recommended.' Some fifteen years ago a Protestant paper in Paris complained because a goody-goody book had been given a prize, though it contained a panegyric of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. I went and saw in the matter the then Perpetual Secretary, Boissier, whose ancestors had been Protestants, and who told me that the report on that very book had been drawn up by Ludovic Halévy, who was of Jewish descent, but who, being overwhelmed with books for prizes, 'had only just peeped into this one and had not read it through.' That may happen often enough. It does happen also that splendid original work, like that of Loisy, is not rewarded because religious prejudice, still very strong in the Academy, objects to it. But judging things fairly, prizes are a very good institution. In the first place, they make it possible to reward very worthy writers whose books create no sensation and who need this support and this recommendation to the reading public. Again, these awards enable impecunious scholars to publish at their own expense learned works, which without this aid would bring them into debt. And in the matter of the 'virtue' prizes, they bring honor and a little money to faithful children, nurses, and the like, who have nothing to expect elsewhere of a pecuniary nature. The great enemies of the prize system are those who do not get them, either because their work is bad or because it is too good and is in advance of the times."

Nor does M. Gustave Geffroy, President of the Goncourt Academy, disapprove of the custom, at least in so far as his body is concerned. "I consider the Goncourt Prize," he once wrote to me, "very useful in vivifying the love of letters, now more than ever essential to civilization. And then I may say that our literary group is absolutely independent." But M. Paul Margueritte, also of the Goncourt Academy, is, as I know, a little more critical of the custom:

"Personally I am not very favorable; but yet we should not overlook the difficulties which writers encounter at the start, the almost total absence to-day of any really sound literary criticism, and the venality of the press. Nor should we forget that the Goncourt Prize — 5,000 francs each year to some young writer of talent, a novelist by preference — becomes a real advertisement for him and his book. Again, it should be noted that this prize has not given ground for the objections which might have been feared,— the imitation of a genre and the danger that candidates might adopt a manner that would render them surer of securing the coveted honor. The astonishing variety of the books which have won the Goncourt Prize proves the correctness of my statement."

It seems that the origin of this institution — I refer now more to the literary prizes — is to be found in the so-called Floral Games established in Toulouse more than a century before America was discovered; while for the virtue prizes, I suppose Baron de Montyon (1733-1820) may be considered their author. Each year the Toulouse Academy celebrates its traditional Fête des Fleurs, the poetic name given to the ceremony organized by the equally poetically named Académie des Jeux Floreaux. The event is a mixture of literature, sentiment, and religion. The day opens with a eulogy of Clémence Isaure, that noble dame of Toulouse who has a more or less mythical existence far back in the fifteenth century, and who is believed to have refounded the Floral Games, though ruthless modern criticism has tried to play havoc with this, as with so many other charming legends. But in spite of the learned doctors, the Academy very sensibly continues the pretty wonts of the past. Thus, after the delivery of the eulogy, a committee of academicians goes to fetch the gold and silver flowers which have been exhibited since early morning on the chief altar of Notre-Dame la Daurade, where, according to tradition, Clémence Isaure lies buried. During the absence of this committee, the report on the year's competitions is read; and on the arrival of the flowers, the awards are made. The quality of the flowers is quite in keeping with the good taste of the whole performance. Thus, the gold violet is valued at 750 francs, and the one in silver at 250; the gold eglantine, 450 francs, and the amaranth, 400. And the meaning of the flowers is accentuated by the rule of the Academy that the exchange of a flower for its money value is not a right enjoyed by the successful candidates; and when it is granted, the laureate may receive in specie only four-fifths of the real value of the flower. The wide popularity of these Toulouse prize contests is shown by the fact that in the recent one for French poetry, the Academy, the Perpetual Secretary informs me, received 70 odes, 77 ordinary poems, 15 epistles, 2 rhymed discourses, 4 eclogues, 17 idyls, 31 elegies, 18 ballads, 14 fables, 46 sonnets and 12 hymns in honor of the Virgin, 277 irregular sonnets, 58 poems on aviation, and 277 miscellaneous poems,— over 900 in all! But the labor of the Toulouse academicians is much lessened by the rule that "no poem may contain more than two hundred lines."

The Toulouse competitions in *langue d'oc* are particularly interesting, there in the old home of the Troubadours. Of course the number of the competitors is much smaller and their learning on a higher level than is generally the case with the candidates for the ordinary literary prizes. At the last contest, 126 persons took part, and among those who won flowers were three college professors, one from Cyrano's town, Bergerac, and one a priest from the Cantal. The official circular of the Academy thus defines the *langue d'oc* of to-day: "The romance language of Upper Languedoc and its environs, Lengo Moundino, with its diverse variants, of which the Toulouse dialect will be considered as the type in the decisions of the Academy." The competitors are requested to accompany their manuscripts with a translation in French, to state which dialect they make use of, and to put at the top of their manuscripts the name of their commune, canton, and department. So Jasmin, who died over a half century ago, might still exclaim, likening his dear *patois* to a mother, with the grace and fire which made him famous, if he could speak from the top of his monument in his picturesque old Agen:

"De sabens francimans,
La coundannon à mort dezumpèy très-cens ans;
Tapla biou saquela; tapla sous mots brounzinon;
Chez elo, las sazous passon, sonon, tindinon;
Et cent-milo-milès enquèro y passaran,
Sounaran et tindinaran!"

[Learned Frenchmen have been condemning her to death for the past three hundred years; but she still lives, still her words resound; with her the seasons still roll round, sound, ring; and a hundred thousand thousand more will she go rolling round, sounding and ringing.]

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, Jan. 20, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

KINDLY HUMOR AS AN ATTRIBUTE OF CULTURE in its highest sense has often received the praise it so richly deserves; and now, incidentally, in an article on "The German Mind" published in "The Hibbert Journal" for the current quarter, Professor George Trumbull Ladd says another good word for it. The connection in which it is uttered may perhaps be held to disqualify it for quotation on the part of a judicious editor of a purely literary journal; but this difficulty may be obviated by inviting the reader to transpose or otherwise change at will the national designations used by the writer. It is the general principle, not its specific illustration, that here solicits approval. Professor Ladd writes: "It is no new discovery in literary criticism that the comic thought of modern Germany, whether expressed in words or in pictorial form, is for the most part devoid of the delicacy of the French and the kindliness of the English. But, to quote a fine characterisation from a modern English writer: 'Your sense of humour, that delicate percipience of proportion, that subrident check on impulse, that touch of the divine fellowship, is a thing of mellower growth. It is a solvent and not an excitant. It does not stimulate to sublime effort; but it can cool raging passion. It can take the salt from tears, the bitterness from judgment, the keenness from despair.' That the typical Prussian is capable of being stimulated to 'sublime effort,' and of accomplishing many praiseworthy and glorious deeds, the history of Prussia through all its past, and the history which is to-day being made by a Prussianized Germany, evinces abundantly. At the same time there is less and less evidence, whether in words or in conduct, of that delicate 'percipience of proportion, that subrident check on impulse, that touch of the divine fellowship' with human frailty, which result from 'the mellower growth' of the sense of humour." A good and expressive term, whether in respect to literary work or painting or sculpture or other form of creative art, or in reference to the art that is above all these, the art of daily conduct, is "artistic detachment"; and this detachment implies something of that genial humor, that freedom from passion, that conquest of selfish emotions, which Professor Ladd evidently has in mind in the foregoing passage.

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THE SHORT LIFE OF A LIBRARY BUILDING — short as compared with the builders' confident expectation of many decades of usefulness for their imposing structure — is a thing of frequent remark. If the building does not have to give place to a larger within a dozen or at most a score of years, it commonly needs enlargement and modernizing, so rapid is the increase in its patronage and so constant the development of new processes and appliances and activities. It seems but yesterday, as the phrase goes, that the present writer was escorted over the Amherst College Library building and invited to admire its modern system of book-stacks (by no means filled with books) and other equipments, all up to the minute in newness and unsurpassability. Yet that building has now long been the despair of its users because of its inadequacy — its hopeless state of congestion and its increasing inability to meet the demands made upon

it. Great, therefore, is the rejoicing at this New England college over the recent announcement of a quarter-million gift from some source for a new structure. Work on the plans of such a building was started some time ago, in anticipation of an early answer to Amherst's prayers, so that the operations of carpenter and mason can begin with little delay. But who would dare to prophesy that even those of us who are no longer young will not live to hear a renewed clamor from the Deerfield valley for a new library building where, not so very long ago, Mr. Fletcher was in proud control of the very latest thing in bibliothecal architecture and equipment?

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RESUSCITATING A DEAD LANGUAGE may fairly be reckoned a desperate undertaking. To have life and spontaneity, speech must be acquired with little or no conscious effort. Any attempt to revive the Cornish, for example, or other extinct Celtic dialect, though a praiseworthy enterprise from a philological viewpoint, cannot be expected to accomplish great results. But the very difficulty of such undertakings must add to their attractiveness for those whose mission it is to lead forlorn hopes. Every once in a while the assertion is hazarded that Latin is not a dead language, and elaborate proof is offered of its present-day vitality. For instance, a few weeks ago the Czar of Bulgaria greeted the Kaiser of Germany at Nish in a ceremonious address, all in Latin; and the world was called upon to recognize and appreciate the propriety of this choice of the tongue of Cæsar and Cicero on the site of the old Roman fortress of Nissa. A neutral language was required, and the dignified and sonorous Latin answered the need. In our own country, in the city of New York, there is a Societas Gentium Latina, its moving spirit Dr. Arcadius Avellanus, who learned the language colloquially as a boy in Hungary, and its president Dr. Herbert C. de V. Cornwell, who believes Latin to be the most perfect speech ever spoken by tongue of man. There is a Latin Printing Press Company in Philadelphia, and from it have come works of modern literature in ancient dress. Dr. Avellanus, again, is the leader in this movement to make Latin as easy and delightful to learn as French or Italian or Spanish. In recent years he has had an enthusiastic and munificent patron in Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice, originator and publisher of the "Mount Hope Classics," volume three of which is noticed more at length on another page. Mr. Prentice's intelligent activity in the so-called Amherst movement for the promotion of classical studies is well known. Some years ago a famous English schoolmaster visited this country to demonstrate the success of his system of training pupils in Latin by the conversational method; and he made a highly favorable impression. These and other zealous attempts to preserve and perpetuate something of what has been considered the best in a liberal education are deserving of warm praise and hearty encouragement.

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A VAST STOREHOUSE OF POETRY, in the "new" manner, is contained in the country's commercial and journalistic records. Here is a field overflowing with unsuspected (and unsuspecting) bards,—a garden of poesy so boundless and luxuriant that the future anthologist may well despair when he comes to cull his bouquet of blossoms from its confines. As examples of the treasure trove existent in this hitherto unworked mine of *vers libre*, the following lyrics have lately been offered:

I.

"Railroad stocks
More than held
Yesterday's gains
At the opening this morning,
3,000 shares of Pennsylvania, for example,
Appearing on the tape
At an advance
Of 1¼ points."

II.

"Children
Under five years of age
Will be carried free
When accompanied by parent
Or guardian;
Five years of age and under twelve,
Half fare;
Twelve years of age
Or over,
Full fare."

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TWO WAYS TO INDUCE A LOVE OF THE BEST BOOKS are recognized in Portland, Oregon, as elsewhere; but the two methods are at variance and have each its separate advocates. The public librarian of Portland, Oregon, writes in the course of her annual report of progress at the institution over which she presides: "There are two opinions among teachers and also among librarians regarding the methods to be used in developing a love for good literature. One group holds that the 'working up' book is essential and that it must be within easy reach of the student. The other group believes that standards are set only by contact with the best, and that the mediocre book is overestimated and should be used as 'bait' only with the most difficult cases." The Portland authorities have adopted the heroic course of interdicting the second-rate and the commonplace in their

ordering of the young people's reading. Statistics of circulation are expected to suffer, but what of that? What will it profit a boy if he get ecstasies of delight from "Nick Carter" and lose his capacity to enjoy Scott and Dickens and Shakespeare? "Literature teachers," says the high-minded librarian already quoted, "are said to be the devoted champions of a lost cause; the high-school librarians should share in the battle and help to sustain their faith in the capacity of their pupils to enjoy the best things." The "working up" method would win more confidence if it were not for the hundreds of thousands who are started so promisingly on that ascending ladder, but never get higher than the lowest rung or two.

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OUR COPYRIGHT BUSINESS shows a rapid increase since the reorganization of the office in 1897. In the current Report of the Librarian of Congress the Register of Copyrights announces that the yearly fees received in his office have more than doubled since 1897, passing the hundred-thousand-dollar mark in the fiscal year following the passage of the new copyright law, which took effect July 1, 1909, and amounting to nearly one hundred and twelve thousand dollars in the last fiscal year. This means, of course, a corresponding increase in the total number of books and other items copyrighted. In the twelve months ending June 30, 1914, 20,296 volumes printed in this country were copyrighted; also 1894 volumes that were printed abroad in a foreign language; 25,696 pamphlets, leaflets, etc.; 49,696 numbers of periodicals; 40,437 musical compositions; and 6596 motion-picture photoplays. The last-named productions have increased in number very rapidly since the first entry of 160 in the records of 1912-13. On the other hand, musical and dramatic compositions and foreign books have greatly fallen off of late, the decline in both instances being probably attributable to the same deplorable cause, the great war. English works registered for "ad interim copyright" also show a considerable and easily intelligible decrease, as do also works of art and reproductions of such works. The encouraging feature in the whole display is the uninterrupted growth of our domestic literary activity.

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A GIFTED BOOKMAN, and most generous in the use he made of his gifts, was the late Edward Tiffany, who died recently at nearly ninety years of age after a life largely devoted to literature and to library work, but who left behind him nothing in printed form to preserve his name from quick oblivion; and, indeed, that name will be looked for in vain in the handbooks of contemporary biography to which one naturally turns in any attempt to write his fitting obituary. But from one who knew him well it is learned that Mr. Tiffany was the son of Osmond Tiffany, of Baltimore, a merchant and manufacturer, whose fortune was lost in the panic of 1873. Edward, thrown upon his own resources in middle life by this family disaster, found his true vocation in books. After some years of library service in his native city he was called to the Boston Public Library, where for a generation he placed his wide knowledge of literature at the service of all who chose to consult him. Unlike the typical bookman, he cared nothing for first editions or other similar rarities. To him the outside of a book, its mere form or age or costliness, meant nothing; but with the matter that books contained he had an astonishingly intimate acquaintance. All branches of polite literature and even some departments of the literature of science were familiar to him, and he was exceptionally well versed in music and the drama. Such was the modest gentleman who placed thousands in his debt during his long connection with one of our foremost public libraries; and a more than perfunctory tribute of respect is due him in reviewing, however inadequately, the main facts of his long and useful life.

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A NOTABLE DIARY, recently acquired by the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress, and described by Dr. Gaillard Hunt, Chief of that Division, in the latest Report of the Librarian, is a voluminous composition (25 volumes) from the pen of Edmund Ruffin, and covers the ten years, 1856-1865. Dr. Hunt says of Ruffin and his diary: "He was a man of a high order of talent, a successful scientific farmer on a large scale, an author — especially on agricultural subjects — a slaveholder, and a firm believer in the economic system of the South. He was an intense believer in state rights, and was selected to fire the first gun against Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861 (he being then a member of a South Carolina regiment). He kept a voluminous diary during the whole period of the Civil War, giving the march of events and his own views upon them, from day to day. It presents faithfully his extreme point of view and is a document of peculiar value. At the close of the War, on June 18, 1865, being then 71 years of age, poor, and infirm in health, and not wishing to live under the government which had conquered his state, he committed suicide. The last entry in his diary was made on the day of this tragic

event." An abridged edition of this diary ought to be worth publishing as a book of rather unusual historical if not also romantic and pathetic interest.

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PROHIBITIONS FOR POETS are formulated, to the number of sixteen, by Mr. Arthur Guiterman and printed in the New York "Times." Of these negative injunctions, all beginning with "Don't," and all uttered in the interest of poets whom material considerations do not allow to cultivate poetry merely for pleasure, the following are especially noteworthy: "Don't think of yourself as a poet, and don't dress for the part. . . Don't call your quarters a garret or a studio. Don't frequent exclusively the company of writers. Don't think of any class of work that you feel moved to do as either beneath you or above you. Don't complain of lack of appreciation. . . Don't speak of poetic license or believe that there is any such thing. Don't tolerate in your own work any flaws in rhythm, rhyme, melody, or grammar. Don't use 'e'er' for 'ever,' 'whenas' or 'what time' for 'when,' or any of the 'poetical' commonplaces of the past. . . Don't omit articles or prepositions for the sake of the rhythm. Don't have your book published at your own expense by any house that makes a practice of publishing at the author's expense. . . Don't, don't write hymns to the Great God Pan. He is dead, let him rest in peace."

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THE POCOMOKE WAY of securing the blessings of good literature for smaller communities has its admirable features. At Pocomoke City, Maryland, the public library has no building of its own, nor any very large collection of books to require such a building. It received the offer of the disused Pennsylvania Railroad station, but could obtain no suitable site for the building, and consequently was forced to refuse it. Its quarters, rent-free and provided with heat and light, are in the so-called Fireman's Building. Not long ago, as we read in the Maryland Public Library Commission's Biennial Report, "a play was given by the children of the town under a professional trainer. They cleared $40.00. With this fund two Crex rugs, a reading table, three straight-back chairs, a wicker rocker, and 97 new books were purchased." Ninety-seven new books (note the adjective), and a variety of articles contributory to the more enjoyable use of those books, all for forty dollars, is not a bad record; it is library economy, in a very literal sense, carried to its utmost limit.

COMMUNICATIONS.

BACONIAN ANTICS.—CORIOLANUS'S SLIP OF MEMORY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In his defence of Mr. Baxter's "solid work" on the Bacon-Shakespeare question (THE DIAL, Jan. 20, 1916), Mr. E. B. Lupton reminds your readers, with the usual Baconian disregard for truth, that I corrected Mr. Baxter "on one or two minor points" regarding Shakespeare's application for a coat-of-arms. As a matter of fact, I showed that Mr. Baxter knew nothing about the subject, had not investigated the matter, and had contented himself with reproducing and distorting a part of Sir Sidney Lee's absurd account of the transaction. I made no pretence to proving my "hero's claim to the authorship of the plays." Shakespeare's title is in no danger, and needs no defence. The Baconians, and other anti-Willians, assuming that a man who did anything so dishonorable as to conspire to be made a "gentleman," could not have written great poetry, always cite the Shakespeare application for a coat-of-arms and put the most discreditable interpretation on the incomplete data available to us, thinking thereby to prove that he could not have been the author of "Hamlet," "Lear," etc. By disproving their calumnies I destroy the prop on which they build their edifice.

Mr. Lupton is not telling the truth when he says that none of Shakespeare's contemporaries, "with possibly one exception, identifies the author [Shakespeare] with the Stratford actor, and this possible exception is by no means a clear exception." He refers to John Davies's poem in which Shakespeare is spoken of as "our English Terence," and says that *if* the Terence plays were the work of Caius Laelius then Davies's allusion "*suggests* a pseudonym." This, then, proves nothing, and *may* be equivocal. It is amazing what wizardry an "if" exerts upon a Baconian. But has Mr. Lupton forgotten Ben Jonson's wholly unequivocal identification of Shakespeare with Stratford? And has he overlooked the testimony of Shakespeare's monument in Stratford? And Leonard Digges's poetic reference in the first collected edition of Shakespeare's works (1623) to the poet's "Stratford monument"?

I will concede to Mr. Lupton that a stringing together of a (large) number of passages in praise of George Eliot's works would lead us to the conclusion that "the author of the novels must have been a man of that name." But—only in the absence of evidence to the contrary. But in Shakespeare's case there is not a particle of evidence to the contrary, and therefore absolutely no sane reason for doubting his authorship. Besides, the Shakespeare allusions speak of the man as well as of his works.

Mr. Lupton is at his best when he maintains that Mr. Wallace "unwittingly proved conclusively that the actor [Shakespeare] was unable to write, because his name [in the Bellott-Mountjoy affidavit] is written by a law clerk in law script, and the deponent [Shakespeare] made his mark beneath

this signature." No human being outside of a lunatic asylum, or a fit candidate for one, who has ever seen a facsimile of the deposition and the witness's signature can for a single moment entertain the belief that the abbreviated signature was written by the clerk who wrote the deposition. No sane person who knows anything of graphiology can for a moment doubt that the signature in question is an unquestioned Shakespeare autograph; and that the deposition as well as the signature are in the hand-writing that was in general use at the time. Has Mr. Lupton mistaken the *lex scripta* for "law script"? Furthermore, what Mr. Lupton calls a "mark" beneath the signature is only a small blot. Had the witness not been able to sign his name, the clerk would have written the name, and would have written the words "his mark" between the Christian name and the surname, in accordance with general usage.

I wish to assure Mr. Lupton that I am not at all displeased with the Baconians for distinguishing between "Shakspere" and "Shakespeare." I have yet to see any evidence that "Shakespeare" was a pseudonym. As to Mr. Lupton's confident assertion that "Shakspere" and "Shakespeare" are essentially different names, I venture to say that his confidence is probably in inverse proportion to his knowledge of the subject.

Miss Porter's defence (also contained in your issue of January 20) of what may be regarded as the current interpretation of Coriolanus's failure to recollect the name of the "poor man" in whose home he had found a lodging and whose kindness he wished to reward by saving him from possibly being sold to slavery confirms me in my own interpretation of the incident (THE DIAL, Dec. 23, 1915).

I cannot agree with Miss Porter when she says that "to make Coriolanus forget the name . . is one of those multitudinous trifles of invention that speak eloquently of the characterizing and humanizing genius of Shakespeare." "To forget the name while remembering the deed of a benefactor at a time when most men would be full only of themselves" does not strike me as one of the characteristics of the human soul. Coriolanus would have been just as human had he remembered the name or succeeded in recollecting it. We must not lose sight of the fact that Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in introducing the hero's lapse of memory. The poor man's freedom, we fear, was not very dear to Coriolanus, who was probably more solicitous about the effect his display of magnanimity and freedom from sordidness made upon the many there assembled.

Miss Porter points out that Shakespeare's "cunning" kept back until now the faintness mentioned by Plutarch earlier. This is quite true, but there is absolutely nothing in the scene to show that anybody noticed any evidence of faintness or weakness in Coriolanus until he himself mentions it as an excuse — a poor excuse is better than none — for having forgotten his benefactor's name. Our hero's words and actions are quite lusty throughout. In Plutarch it was "the Romans" who noticed that he was "faint with the great wounds he had upon him."

I am not sure that I understand Miss Porter's assertion that Coriolanus "forgot because his very capacity to remember within his wounded head was faint for loss of blood." Scalp wounds do not affect the memory more than wounds of other parts of the body. Nor does a hemorrhage from the scalp or elsewhere conduce to the forgetting of men's names more than of men's actions. Coriolanus's memory seems to have suffered no impairment as to other, and less essential, details.

"The blood has ceased to flow, is drying, a token of its exhaustion implying the need of care and nourishment." I can hardly believe that Miss Porter has so completely forgotten her physiology. The clotting of blood is not a token of its exhaustion, and this fact cannot therefore be adduced as evidence of Coriolanus's enfeeblement to the point of forgetting men's names. Cominius's remark — "The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time It should be look'd to" — which Miss Porter misinterpreted, means no more than that it is a long time since Coriolanus's wounds had been inflicted and that they ought to receive a surgeon's attention. His words do not, therefore, "reinforce the explanation" offered by Coriolanus.

Miss Porter, I regret to say, has wholly misunderstood my communication, and has consequently woefully misrepresented my views. She attributes to me the utterly untenable statement that "Coriolanus forgot [the name] . . because he scorned to remember [it]." I did not say this, or imply it. To scorn something is a conscious act; whereas Coriolanus's lapse of memory, as I tried to show, was unconsciously determined. He himself did not know why he could not recall the name, and was as much surprised as chagrined at his forgetting. This does away with Miss Porter's strictures about "the sincerity of the scene and the characters."

We are asked, too, by your correspondent to remember that Shakespeare "prepared earlier for a special loss of blood in the head. This dauntless hero took his wounds headlong, confronting the foe." Does this mean that Coriolanus butted the Volscians with his head and thus received his injuries? There is absolutely no warrant for Miss Porter's diagnosis of "loss of blood in the head." A cerebral or intracranial hemorrhage would have rendered our hero unconscious on the battle-field, and would have made his appearance and his robustious oratory so shortly thereafter wholly impossible.

To an Elizabethan audience the fact that the Volscian was described as "poor" would have been sufficient indication that he was a plebeian. That he was "noble of nature" is Miss Porter's assumption; Shakespeare says nothing about it, although Plutarch does describe the man as "honest."

Would Shakespeare have troubled to introduce so slight, so unobtrusive, so subtle a touch into the portraiture of so striking a character as Coriolanus? That he would is proved by the fact that he did so. He did not avoid — perhaps could not help — introducing slips of the tongue and other similar touches into his dramatic compositions. His

own unconscious insight into the minds of men made him do these things. He probably never stopped to think that some of his finest touches would escape his audiences and his readers,— oh, yes! he had readers in mind,— many of whom to this day look upon him through the very common-sense spectacles of Peter Bell, to whom a primrose was a yellow primrose and nothing more.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM, M.D.

New York, Feb. 5, 1916.

LONGFELLOW AND MENDELSSOHN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Pray let a humble Bostonian thank Mr. Hervey for his eminently sensible defence of Longfellow and, incidentally, of Mendelssohn. I have often, in the same way, compared Longfellow and Mendelssohn; the parallel is almost perfect. I should not have mentioned the "Elijah," for I agree with many of the critics that it is more nearly fustian than anything else that Mendelssohn composed. But the "St. Paul" holds its own — perfect as a statue by Phidias — as the purest, heavenliest of all oratorios.

Not long ago an artist was at my house, and was combatting my dictum that the poet and the composer were each equally suffering from a temporary eclipse or obscuration. I got down the "Riverside Edition" of Longfellow's poems and read to him some of the sonnets, beginning with those relating to Dante; and I waxed as eloquent as my limited vocabulary would permit over their perfect form, their exquisite melody, their splendid climaxes. "You have converted me," he said, and he carried off with him that charming little book enshrining all Longfellow's sonnets.

"The Psalm of Life" has become banal, perhaps, through too much familiarity and too many parodies; but if one has the imagination to put oneself back into the early day when it first appeared, one can feel something of the thrill which it caused, and one can understand why it was a trumpet-call to the youth of that period.

Almost all poetry consists of a certain amount of wood-pulp, and when the vital sap dries up to a greater or less extent one can discover why it is that the collected works of popular contemporaneous writers are allowed to collect dust on the shelves while only a line or two or a single stanza satisfies our own demand or finds its place in the dictionaries of quotations. But there is a good deal of sweet juicy poesy still mellowing the work of Longfellow. "The Children's Hour" and a dozen others of his lyrics are simple, sincere, and melodious.

Mr. W. S. Braithwaite, in his review and appraisement of the poetry of the year 1914, denied that the six American poets — Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell — generally regarded as "great" deserve that epithet. They are good poets, he said, but not great; and he proceeded to instance Poe, Whitman, Lanier, Moody, Hovey, and Miss Anna Branch as really great. I sent a letter of protest to "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse," which Miss Monroe returned with the declaration that Poe stood a hundred or a thousand times higher than Longfellow! (We know how she regards Bryant.) Comparisons are odorous, and it little profits to make such distinctions. Poe's influence on French literature deserves a special essay; but Poe's lyric in which occur the memorable lines

> "The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome"

is marred by the most banal run-on line (ending with "which" to rhyme with "window-niche") to be found anywhere. A careful study of Poe's verse surprises one by the mediocrity of its average, and by the limited number of really poetical lines. He wrote no sonnet to be compared to any one of fifty from among Longfellow's.

I can say all this with a clean conscience, for I delight in the *vers libre* of Gustave Kahn, the founder of the new movement in France (why is he studiously neglected by Miss Amy Lowell?) and that iconoclastic school, and I am not averse to Marinetti's "parole libere," — that is, I am not so bigoted an upholder of the Parnassians as to be disgusted with the vagaries of the *Cavorticists* — when, as is occasionally the case, they strike a genuine spark of vivid light from their steel. If there is any gold in the quartz it behooves us to extract it.

In the same way, while I still get delight from Mendelssohn — the "Songs without Words," the Scotch or Italian Symphonies, the "Hebrides Overture," and a dozen other perfectly balanced and melodious compositions, and from Porpora and Bach and dear old Haydn,— this does not preclude me from waxing enthusiastic over the splendid richness of Strauss and the frequently cacophonous originalities of Schoenberg and the high-colored magnificence of Debussy. While I would applaud every new thing, I hope I am broad enough to desire also a movement to "mediterraneanize" music once more — to come back to the melodiousness of the early men, when a dozen composers frankly vitalized simple melodies such as any person on the street might catch and whistle, even if the critic could not tell whether it was the work of one man or another.

Monet and Manet and other Impressionists taught us to see colors to which our eyes were blind; and yet the paintings of the academic school may still give us pleasure, if we have eyes to see. So, as Mrs. Josephine Peabody Marks said in her admirable address at the annual dinner of the American Poetry Society in January, there should be no reason why the advocates of "the new verse" should be narrow-minded and not allow the poets who prefer the old forms to practice them; nor, on the other hand, should the classicists take as a personal affront the experiments of self-styled reformers. Let us ride Pegasus,— who, as Mrs. Marks remarked, had four legs and four wings,— if we want to do so. If others choose a whirring motor aeroplane and stun us with its noise, perhaps they too will reach the top of Olympus even more quickly. It is a big little world, and there is room for all. So hail to Longfellow and Mendelssohn!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Boston, Feb. 3, 1916.

SOME NOTES FROM JAPAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Those who read the paragraph in one of the midsummer issues of THE DIAL about an immense Japanese dictionary will be interested in the following paragraph on Dr. Modzume and his undertaking, which appeared not long ago in the "Japan Advertiser":

"It looked for a time as though the thirty years' work of Dr. Modzume, who has been working all that time on the compilation of a Japanese dictionary, was to go for nothing, but through the generosity of a friend his dictionary is to be published after all. While working on his book, Dr. Modzume spent all his fortune for the purchase of reference books and other expenses. He was in debt about 30,000 yen. As the time of publication drew near, his copy was distrained by creditors. Mr. Nakamura Geihichiro, who happened to read about his financial difficulty in the papers, has volunteered to pay his old debts and arranged for the author to publish his work."

If that work is ever completed, the industrious compiler may well claim the title of the "Japanese Johnson"!

The following paragraph from "The Far East" is significant:

"Since the outbreak of the war an interesting change has taken place in the relative value of foreign languages among Japanese students. While German is still assiduously studied by students at the universities and higher schools, there has been a considerable falling off in the number of students of German who are preparing for a business career. This was well illustrated in the number of applicants for the German course at the Tokyo School of Foreign Languages this term. While there were 125 the year before the war, the number this year was only 62. Applicants for the Russian course numbered 172 this year, in contrast with 93 last year, mainly due to the expansion of Japan's trade with Russia, and the desire to know more of Russian literature at first hand. The eagerness of many to learn of things Russian may be gauged from the large monthly sales of books on Russia and the Russians at the Maruzen, while the Russian-Japanese conversation books are also much sought after. That the English language is receiving due attention from the majority of Japanese students needs no emphasis. It is noticeable, however, that the study of this universal language has been made much easier for the student to-day than twenty years ago, thanks to the scientific method employed in teaching by such men as Mr. Saito of the Seisoku School. The day of the English grammar is already gone. Present-day Japanese want to be more practical, since conversation and composition are occupying a great deal of their hours of study. Last but not least interesting is the fact that the Chinese vernacular is being enthusiastically learnt by many young men in view of the enormous trade prospects. The study of the Chinese classics is, however, as dead as the proverbial doornail in Japan. The younger generation seems to be seeking only what is practical."

Japan will not lag behind other nations in the celebration of the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare on April 23. Waseda University is expected to celebrate the occasion with due ceremony. And there is a plan under way to mark that occasion with the presentation of Shakespearean plays by Dr. Tsubouchi, Messrs. Togi, Shimamura, Kato, Sasaki, and other playwrights and actors (and actresses?). There will surely be something interesting.

It is the custom of the professors and students of the Science College of the Imperial University, Tokyo, to hold an annual "apple festival" on December 25, which is the anniversary of the birth of Sir Isaac Newton. This year, as usual, a portrait of Newton which hung on a wall in the physics lecture hall was decorated with green leaves and flowers, and offerings of apples were made to it. Two of the professors delivered lectures.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, Jan. 3, 1916.

THE MEANING OF "UNTENTED."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The interesting analysis of the meaning of "untented" submitted by Dr. Tannenbaum in your issue of January 20 moves me to suggest that this word survives and is in current use in Scotland to-day. "Tak tent to yersel," i. e. take heed to yourself, is a common expression. The word is used in the same sense in the north of Ireland. The glossary of Scottish words and phrases of the Standard Dictionary says: "Tent. A field pulpit. attention; heed; caution; to take heed." The last quotation in Dr. Tannenbaum's letter, "Her festered members must be lanc'd and tented," I read: "Her festered members must be lanc'd and attended to or cared for or heedfully looked to."

King Lear curses and reviles his daughter, Goneril. She is impassive and scornful of the old man. He says "Th' untented [unheeded?] woundings of a father's curse Pierce every sense about thee!" Curses do not always act immediately.

A. H. MCQUILKIN.

Chicago, Feb. 7, 1916.

"MICE AND MEN."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

An anticipation of Burns's famous lines,

> "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft agley,"

is found in Pope's "Imitations of Horace" (Book II, Satire VI):

> "Consider mice, like men, must die,
> Both great and small, both you and I."

Pope's lines occur in the story of "The City and the Country Mouse," the tale which Prior and Montague used (to Thackeray's delight in his "English Humourists") in their parody of Dryden's "The Hind and the Panther."

The probable source of Burns's lines — for critics agree that the poet was well versed in the literature of sensibility — is given by Dr. Otto Ritter ("Quellenstudien zu Robert Burns," 1773-1791, "Palaestra," XX, 82) as Mrs. Barbauld's "The Mouse's Petition":

> "When destruction lurks unseen,
> Which men, like mice, may share."

Mrs. Barbauld, in turn, may have based her lines on Pope's.

WILLIAM CHISLETT, JR.

Stanford University, Feb. 4, 1916.

The New Books.

The Prince of "Colyumists."*

Nothing under the sun is quite new. The combination of wit, humor, satire, and erudition of an odd and unexpected sort, which characterizes that form of journalistic literature technically known as the "colyum," is commonly regarded as something distinctly modern. Its sprightly manner seems instinct with the spirit of this unusually present and up-to-date age of ours. But some forty-five years ago a professor of mathematics in London, Augustus De Morgan, was doing precisely the same sort of thing in "The Athenæum," under the title, "A Budget of Paradoxes," that F. P. A., B. L. T., and a few others are doing now in our metropolitan newspapers. Indeed, the modern exponents of this gentle art of "colyuming" might do much worse than to study De Morgan for fine points of technique. In the deftness and sureness of his characterizations; in the precision, acuity, and yet unfailing good humor of his satire; and in the nimble wit and verbal felicity of his writing altogether, this genial mathematician has never been surpassed.

Before his death, De Morgan had started upon the pleasant labor of collecting and completing the "Athenæum" papers, both by editing and by considerable additions of actually new material. He did not live to complete it, however. The first edition of the "Budget," which appeared in 1872, was edited by Mrs. De Morgan. In her preface she made many apologies for the imperfections of the work in comparison with what it would have been could it have been finished by Professor De Morgan himself. Without doubt the book did fall short of what it would have been under entirely favorable circumstances, but in spite of all this it was immediately successful in point of sales. It was apparently never reprinted after the first edition, and consequently soon became out of print. Second-hand copies have become increasingly rare as time has gone on, until in recent years it has become quite impossible to obtain the book unless one was prepared to pay a distinctly long price. This circumstance, coupled with the permanent intrinsic worth of the book itself, has led Professor David Eugene Smith, a distinguished student of the history of mathematics, to edit, and the Open Court Company to publish, a second edition. By the fact alone of doing this thing, the editor and publishers have put the world of scholarship, in the very broadest sense of that term, greatly in their debt. Concerning the manner in which the re-editing of this classic has been done, the case is not quite so clear; but on that matter comment will be reserved until a later point in this review.

Let us first of all be quite sure that everyone is clear as to just what the "Budget of Paradoxes" is, what it has for an object, and the means taken to attain that object. Then we may proceed to discuss it with greater freedom. To the reviewer it seems odd that it should be necessary to explain what the "Budget" is: his own familiarity with the book, which covers in point of time the whole of his mature mental life, is so complete as to induce much the same sort of feeling in regard to explaining what the book is about, as one would have if he were to start to explain to grown-up persons what the Bible, or Shakespeare, or Dickens, was about. In other words, it seems difficult to conceive that anyone can have reached even moderately adult life without having read at least some portion of the "Budget of Paradoxes." But so great is our confusion of thought regarding the fundamentals of an education, that one must conclude that even within The Dial family there may be those for whom the pleasure of the elder De Morgan's acquaintance is still anticipatory. For such no better statement of the purpose of the "Budget" can be made than De Morgan's own. The book opens with the following words:

"If I had before me a fly and an elephant, having never seen more than one such magnitude of either kind; and if the fly were to endeavor to persuade me that he was larger than the elephant, I might by possibility be placed in a difficulty. The apparently little creature might use such arguments about the effect of distance, and might appeal to such laws of sight and hearing as I, if unlearned in those things, might be unable wholly to reject. But if there were a thousand flies, all buzzing, to appearance, about the great creature; and, to a fly, declaring, each one for himself, that he was bigger than the quadruped; and all giving different and frequently contradictory reasons; and each one despising and opposing the reasons of the others — I should feel quite at my ease. I should certainly say, My little friends, the case of each one of you is destroyed by the rest. I intend to show flies in the swarm, with a few larger animals, for reasons to be given. . .

"During the last two centuries and a half, physical knowledge has been gradually made to rest upon a basis which it had not before. It has

*A Budget of Paradoxes. By Augustus De Morgan, F.R.A.S. and C.P.S. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Reprinted, with the author's additions, from "The Athenæum." Second edition, edited by David Eugene Smith. In two volumes. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

become *mathematical*. The question now is, not whether this or that hypothesis is better or worse to the pure thought, but whether it accords with observed phenomena in those consequences which can be shown necessarily to follow from it, if it be true. Even in those sciences which are not yet under the dominion of mathematics, and perhaps never will be, a working copy of the mathematical process has been made. This is not known to the followers of those sciences who are not themselves mathematicians and who very often exalt their horns against the mathematics in consequence. They might as well be squaring the circle, for any sense they show in this particular.

"A great many individuals, ever since the rise of the mathematical method, have, each for himself, attacked its direct and indirect consequences. I shall not here stop to point out how the very accuracy of exact science gives better aim than the preceding stage of things could give. I shall call each of these persons a *paradoxer*, and his system a *paradox*. I use the word in the old sense: a paradox is something which is apart from general opinion, either in subject-matter, method, or conclusion.

"Many of the things brought forward would now be called *crotchets*, which is the nearest word we have to old *paradox*. But there is this difference, that by calling a thing a *crotchet* we mean to speak lightly of it; which was not the necessary sense of *paradox*. Thus in the sixteenth century many spoke of the earth's motion as the *paradox of Copernicus*, who held the ingenuity of that theory in very high esteem, and some, I think, who even inclined towards it. In the seventeenth century, the depravation of meaning took place, in England at least. Phillips says *paradox* is 'a thing which seemeth strange' — here is the old meaning: after a colon he proceeds — 'and absurd, and is contrary to common opinion,' which is an addition due to his own time."

It might appear from this that the "Budget" was confined to the discussion of strictly scientific matters. Such a conclusion would be far from the fact. De Morgan used the "Budget" as a receptacle for his opinions *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. Matters literary, social, political, pedagogical, editorial, historical, financial, classical, philosophical, and generally otherwise, all fell within his purview as naturally and easily as did things scientific. In fact, the subject-matter of the "Budget" may be characterized in Mr. Venus's conveniently embracing terminology as "human warious."

A considerable part of the book is devoted to those hardy perennial paradoxers who square the circle, or, put in another way, who convince themselves and endeavor to convince others that they have discovered not only that the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter is exactly commensurable, but also just precisely what that measured ratio is. With the quadrating gentry De Morgan has unmeasured fun. The most persistent and entertaining of the lot was Mr. James Smith, of Liverpool. Of him the author says:

"When my work appeared in numbers, I had not anything like an adequate idea of Mr. James Smith's superiority to the rest of the world in the points in which he is superior. He is beyond a doubt the ablest head at unreasoning, and the greatest hand at writing it, of all who have tried in our day to attach their names to an error. Common cyclometers sink into puny orthodoxy by his side.

"The behavior of this singular character induces me to pay him the compliment which Achilles paid Hector, to drag him around the walls again and again. . . He will come out of my hands in the position he ought to hold, the Supreme Pontiff of cyclometers, the vicegerent of St. Vitus upon earth, the Mamamouchi of burlesque on inference." This intention was carried out, fully and adequately.

As is readily to be inferred from De Morgan's definition of a paradoxer, already quoted, he distinguished many different species and varieties of the genus. Not all received the same sort of treatment as Mr. Smith. De Morgan considered that he himself belonged in the group which he classified as rational paradoxers. Under this name he included "all who, in private life, and in matters which concern themselves, take their own course, and suit their own notions, no matter what other people may think of them. These men will put things to uses they were never intended for, to the great distress and disgust of their gregarious friends. I am one of the class."

He goes on to tell the following anecdote of another rational paradoxer, Dr. Isaac Milner, sometime President of Queen's College, Cambridge:

"He wanted a seat suited to his shape, and he defied opinion to a fearful point. He spread a thick block of putty over a wooden chair and sat in it until it had taken a ceroplast copy of the proper seat. This he gave to a carpenter to be imitated in wood. One of the few now living who knew him — my friend, General Perronet Thompson — answers for the wood, which was shown him by Milner himself; but he does not vouch for the material being putty, which was in the story told me at Cambridge; William Frend also remembered it. Perhaps the Doctor took off his great seal in green wax, like the Crown; but some soft material he certainly adopted; and very comfortable he found the wooden copy."

The temptation to go on quoting from this thoroughly delightful book is great, but must be resisted. To anyone who is familiar with the "Budget of Paradoxes," and at the same time has some understanding of the principles

of heredity, there is no uncertainty as to an important, if not indeed the chief, reason for the literary ability and charm of William De Morgan. It is doubtful if there is anywhere a more conspicuous and precise example of the inheritance of literary ability than in this notable son of a notable father. Every lover of the son's novels should put the father's "Budget" next them on the shelves, for if he likes one he is sure to like the other. Indeed, they are in some measure supplementary. For in the case of the novels one is bound to become interested in the progress of the story, and so be enticed to go on and on reading. The "Budget" has no plot, and if taken in too large doses might give one a severe case of mental indigestion. It is to be picked up and dropped into at random, and, after a choice morsel has been extracted, put back upon the shelf until again one wants a little nip of that exclusive brand of intellectual stimulant provided by the De Morgan family.

Coming now to the matter of the editing of this present reprint of the "Budget," the reviewer finds his opinion somewhat at variance with that of the editor as regards the general plan, and widely so as regards the manner in which the plan has been executed. With such part of the editorial scheme as allowed no textual changes except the correction of obvious typographical errors and the substitution of American for English spelling, there can be no serious quarrel, though upon the second point there might be differences of opinion. The main feature of the new edition is something of a totally different order, however. It consists of some odd millions (more or less) of footnotes, designed, in the words of the editor, "to elucidate the text by supplying such information as the casual reader might wish as he passes over the pages." It may be granted that just possibly something is to be said for such a plan on theoretical grounds, as a general proposition regarding the editing of books of an earlier generation. But the sanity of the plan in any particular case obviously depends solely upon the manner in which it is carried out in that case. Professor Smith's idea of the mental equipment of those persons likely to read the "Budget of Paradoxes" is that, in the first place, they know no single word of any language other than the English, and that, in the second place, they are so completely and totally ignorant of all history and literature that any and every allusion to persons or events must be fully explained in terms easily to be comprehended by the most "casual" reader.

To anyone who has not examined the book it will be nearly unbelievable that petty didacticism could be carried to such lengths as it here is, even in a text-book. Just for an example: on page 169 of Vol. I occurs the following passage, which is here set down *literatim et punctatim* as it occurs in the text: "There is an awful paradox about the book, which explains, in part, its leaden sameness. It is all about *l'homme, l'homme, l'homme,*[6] except as much as treats of *les hommes, les hommes, les hommes.*[7] . ." At the bottom of the page footnote 6 furnishes the desperately needed information: "Man, man, man." This is pretty bad, but worse is yet to come. Footnote 7 reads as follows: "Men, men, men." Thus this difficult bit of idiomatic French is cleared up, and poor De Morgan's little joke is fully explained, so that any "casual" idiot may easily comprehend it. Many, many examples of the same sort of thing might be instanced, were there need to do so. The effect on the intelligent, in contradistinction to the editor's "casual," reader is like that which would be produced upon the readers of F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower" if each mention of Washington in that sprightly turret were to be garnished with a footnote to this effect: "G. Washington, born Feb. 22, 1732, died Dec. 14, 1799, first President of the United States. Popularly known as 'The Father of his Country.' A gentleman of very dignified bearing, much esteemed by his contemporaries."

No doubt many utterly wearisome arguments might be adduced in support of the contention that in this day and age many of De Morgan's allusions would be incomprehensible, in the absence of these painfully lucid footnotes, to any but scholarly persons. But just in that argument lies the meat of the matter, in a manner totally unperceived by those who advance it. De Morgan did not write the "Budget of Paradoxes" for *unscholarly* people. He spoke the language of sound, thorough, and mellow scholarship. He assumed, as a matter of course, that his readers understood that language. No more determined or bitter foe of all that is "casual" and shallow in intellectual matters ever lived than he. If as a people we have any one outstanding intellectual characteristic it is laziness. Intellectual laziness engenders mental mediocrity. More and more does it become the dominant quality of our literature that it shall be capable of absorption without the slightest effort, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the reader. This being a country in which all people are more or less free and equal, or at least like so to

consider themselves, there is probably nothing which can be done either about or to those persons who wish to have their intellectual pabulum so pre-digested that they need not stir a neurone in the process of getting it into their systems. But to pander to their low tastes in the name of Augustus De Morgan is a thing which no one who deeply honors and cherishes the spirit of that genial scholar, who contributed not alone to the sum of knowledge but so notably to the joy of living, can allow to pass without vigorous protest.

RAYMOND PEARL.

GERMAN HISTORIANS AND THE GREAT WAR.*

In a report on public opinion in Germany, a report made to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs on July 30, 1913, M. Stéphen Pichon said that "some want war because in the present circumstances they think it *inevitable*." The remark was probably meant to apply only to those who felt that the concrete situation was such that war could not long be delayed. But any analysis of the modern German conception of *Kultur* would find one of the pervasive characteristics of this "specifically German way of thinking and feeling" to be the notion that Germany, in the twentieth century, is destined to a position of material and moral supremacy. Fate, or Providence, or a "force not ourselves that makes for righteousness," so it seems, has laid upon the Fatherland the cosmic task of extending "the German Idea" in the world. Somehow or other this must be done: if by peaceable means, well and good; if not by peaceable means, then in "shining armor" and with the good sword. In forming this conception of the German mission, many influences have united; of these influences, not the least is that of the philosophy of history promulgated with so much learning and eloquence by German historians in the nineteenth century.

M. Guilland, whose book appeared some years ago and is now very acceptably translated into English, has attempted, in a number of essays on certain historians,—Niebuhr, Ranke, Mommsen, von Sybel, Treitschke,—to determine the character of this philosophy and to estimate its influence upon German political ideals. Notwithstanding the author has little sympathy with these ideals, he has dealt fairly enough with his facts, and has given us a book that is fascinating reading from beginning to end. Nowhere in English will one find such masterly portraits of the great German historians, particularly of Ranke, Mommsen, and von Sybel, or a more penetrating analysis of that part of their work with which M. Guilland is concerned. It is important to keep in mind, however, that he is concerned with the work of these historians primarily only in so far as it had an influence in spreading abroad in Germany a peculiar philosophy of history. The reader has to remember, for example, that the "History of Rome" was but a small part of Mommsen's work as historian, a kind of political pamphlet, a very German pamphlet to be sure, which the author threw off by the way, as a sort of intellectual recreation. It is an author's right, nevertheless, to limit his subject; it is a reader's business to remember what that limitation is.

Undoubtedly M. Guilland admires Ranke more than the others. Ranke was a good German, but then he was a good European also; he could admire France, and he said many just things about Frenchmen. His serene good humor, his tolerance and sanity, the catholicity of his interests and his tastes, in a word the humanism and universality of his mind, distinguish him sharply from men like Droysen and Treitschke; we do not think of him as quite comfortable in the hot and irritating atmosphere which the later chauvinistic Prussian historians seemed to require as a stimulant. For this very reason it is more difficult to detect in the work of Ranke, devoted as he was to describing the past *wie es ist eigentlich gewesen*, any influence in shaping the political ideals of modern Germany. Nevertheless, in shaping these ideals, the work of Ranke had a very real influence.

The thinking of the nineteenth century, in many of its aspects, reflects the reaction from the ideas of the Revolution. The reaction from eighteenth century cosmopolitanism and the propagandist spirit of the Revolution found expression, particularly in Germany, in an exaggerated nationalism; while the intense application, after 1815, to the study of history, and the immense respect for the past which partly inspired and partly resulted from such studies, was one form of reaction from the rationalism of the *Philosophes*. Divine Right was a little obsolete, even in Germany, as a basis for political authority; and after Jena what German could appeal to Natural Right as a basis for liberty? For the basis of authority and liberty

* MODERN GERMANY AND HER HISTORIANS. By Antoine Guilland. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

HISTORY OF GERMANY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Heinrich von Treitschke. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Volume I. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

alike, therefore, most Germans turned to history, seeking the meaning of the present and a guide to the future in the actual historical process, a process which came to be regarded as the true revelation of the divine purpose, or as an embodiment of universal reason in contradistinction to analytical thought or any individual's rationalization of experience. The history of each nation could thus be counted on to furnish the guarantee for its own law and custom, as well as to justify its right to maintain them against any other nation.

Few men did more to confirm this way of thinking than Ranke. To be sure, he did not think of other nations as existing merely to heighten, by contrast, the glory and greatness of Germany. But if he conceived of history in a universal sense, as "the progress of mankind," and thus, in his insistence on the international character of European culture, reminds us of the cosmopolitan spirit of Voltaire, he nevertheless has conceived of this progress in terms of "the individuality of nations," each nation at certain periods being, as it were, the incarnation of some great "idea" which at the particular time best expressed that "multiple being which we are." The way was thus prepared for the belief that the Fatherland had contributed something in the past to this "progress of mankind," and that it was destined in the future, since the Germans were the only nation that had retained the qualities of a genuine "urvolk," to be the home of God's chosen people. And if Giesebrecht depicted the glories of the Fatherland in the time of the mediæval empire, Ranke himself, in his widely read "History of Germany in the Time of the Reformation," had his share in establishing that modern formula of cosmic philosophy which, according to Professor Dewey, in his "German Philosophy and Politics," runs as follows:

> "First, the German Luther who saved for mankind the principle of spiritual freedom . . ; then Kant and Fichte, who wrought out the principle into a final philosophy of science, morals, and the state; as conclusion, the German nation organized in order to win the world to recognition of this principle, and thereby to establish the rule of freedom and science in humanity as a whole."

When Ranke's "Reformation" appeared, the organization of the German nation was rapidly becoming the central question of German politics; and after the dissolution of the Frankfort National Assembly the best chance of effecting such an organization seemed to be through Prussian leadership. To celebrate the history of Prussia as the state at once capable of guaranteeing order and establishing true freedom, and to set it over in contrast against the history of France as the country where anarchy and license ran unrestrained under the mask of liberty,— this was the task faintly forecast by Ranke himself in his "Nine Books of Prussian History," and finally completed by Droysen, Treitschke, and above all by von Sybel. The latter, in his "History of the Revolutionary Period," proved from newly discovered and unimpeachable sources that the French Revolution failed because its principles were wrong, and that the principles of the Prussian state were correct because Prussia would succeed, as the logic of its history clearly indicated, in achieving the unification of the German nation. If this great end could be attained only by "blood and iron," no one should despair, not even good German Liberals. Prussia had not often accomplished her destiny by speeches and resolutions of Parliament; besides, drastic methods would be well employed if by such means German minds could be purged of Gallic vapors and false doctrinaire principles of liberty and the Rights of Man. And in fact, as the Prussian historians justified Sadowa, Sadowa in turn justified the Prussian historians. "A king who so quickly brought about so fine a stroke," said Treitschke, "must be right against everybody." Everyone was not as easily convinced as was Treitschke; but nothing was lacking to a complete justification of the Prussian prophets when, five years later, the lost provinces were recovered and the new German Empire was proclaimed, at Versailles, in the famous Hall of Mirrors of the ancient palace built by Louis XIV.

"The most indifferent arguments are good," said Bismarck, "when one has a majority of bayonets." All the great events of that generation — the founding of the Second Empire in France, the unification of Italy, the preservation of the American Union, above all the success of Bismarck's policy of "blood and iron" — seemed to illustrate and confirm this cynical philosophy. And these were precisely the years when materialistic theories, borrowed from natural science, were modifying the older conceptions of man and his history. *Der Mensch ist, was er isst.* If nature, in evolving the higher animals, employed the method of ruthlessly exterminating the weak through ceaseless conflict, could it be supposed that another method regulated the evolution of society? Economic competition and war,— what were they, what had they ever been, but nature's test of the fittest? In those years, when materialism had its day in

science, pessimism in philosophy, naturalism in literature, when religion seemed a spent force, the economic interpretation of history, of which the corollary was that principles and ideals and theories were but ingenious instruments forged in the service of deep-lying selfish interests, was profoundly modifying historical research and the attitude of historians toward the past.

If theories of this sort were to become widely popular anywhere, one might suppose that it would be in Germany, where natural science was in such high repute, and where Bismarck, who had made and was consolidating the Empire in the spirit of a new Machiavelli, was the popular hero. In a sense one would be right in so supposing. Yet one would be wrong in supposing that the bald theory that "Might makes Right" was accepted and entertained in its primitive state, naked and unadorned, by the German mind. For the German mind is incurably idealistic; and hence the materialism of natural science, before it could be applied to political uses, had to be ideally transformed, — had, as it were, to be draped and vestured with an attractive covering of morality and religion. No, might does not make right, says the German; and the good Bernhardi is amazed and shocked that anyone should find such a philosophy in his writings; might is but the *evidence* of right, which you perceive is a different thing altogether. Could there indeed be a more profound pessimism than to suppose that the universe is so fashioned that the spirit of evil, *der Geist der stets verneint*, could triumph in the end? That nation which at any time attains a superior wisdom and virtue, a superior morality and culture, will by the sheer inner force of these qualities clothe itself with power. In the long run the fittest nation survives. It survives through force, certainly; but this force, whether exercised indirectly through peaceable competition or directly through war, is generated by a superiority in attaining the ideal ends of life, a superiority in intelligence and morality, a superiority in *Kultur*.

Do not expect, therefore, to find German historians glorifying force, simply as force. The war of 1870, said von Sybel, was one of those necessary struggles "between a young state wishing to make for itself a place in the sun and an old nation which was struggling to keep up its position." And M. Guilland adds: "After that, you would expect Sybel to describe in a straightforward manner this work of conquest, justifying the Prussian wars, as Mommsen had done in his *History of Rome*, by Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest. Now this is not so." Certainly it is not so. Nor is it quite true, as M. Guilland implies, that Mommsen explained Roman history as a triumph of force, as an example of the doctrine that might makes right. Mommsen, as M. Guilland himself says elsewhere, "seeks to show the reasons for the superiority of this people over the other peoples of ancient history." And what was this superiority? The Italian, said Mommsen, "surrendered his own personal will for the sake of freedom, and learned to obey his father that he might know how to obey the State. Amidst this subjection, individual development might be marred. . . The Italian gained instead a feeling of fatherland and of patriotism such as the Greek never knew, and alone among the civilized nations of antiquity succeeded in working out . . a national unity which at last placed in his hands the mastery not only over the divided Hellenic stocks, but over the whole known world." That is to say, Rome is not justified by her conquests, but her conquests are justified by her superior moral qualities.

In this way precisely have the German historians justified the conquests of Prussia in Germany and of Germany in Europe. Substitute the word German for Italian, the word Europe for antiquity, and the word Celtic for Hellenic, and the sentence of Mommsen might stand as the essential résumé of all that has been said by the Prussian school about European history in the last two centuries. And of no German historian would this be so true as of the last and most chauvinistic as well as the most influential of the Prussian school, Heinrich von Treitschke.

The present translation of the famous "History" was doubtless inspired by the fact that the name of Treitschke, almost unknown in England and America, suddenly became a word to conjure with in the multitude of articles and books that endeavored to explain the Great War. In the circumstances, it is not strange that the work shows signs of having been somewhat hastily done. There are a good many misprints due to careless proofreading; and good German phrases have too often been taken over literally. "Thought-struggles," "World-all," "Napoleon preponderantly esteemed the exact sciences," "the thought-process of the Philosophers gave rise to a new moral view of the World-order," "Schiller's influence was more in the direction of width," and similar expressions, are simply not English. But on the whole the volume reads well, and the translators have caught a good deal of the movement and fluency, a good deal of the lyric enthusiasm, and

something of the plastic qualities, which make Treitschke's work one of the great masterpieces of historical narrative.

Now, that which inspires Treitschke's "History," that fundamental preconception which beyond everything else gives it character, is the profound conviction, amounting to a religious faith, that the success of Germany in the nineteenth century was due to the intellectual and moral supremacy of the German nation. Treitschke reminds one of the good English matron who sympathized with the French because they had the misfortune to be born in a foreign country. It could hardly be otherwise than that the Germans should attain supremacy over other nations; in spite of themselves, a people whose cardinal and commonplace virtues were obedience, loyalty, steadfastness, and self-sacrifice, a people whose intelligence was at once so profound and so exact, must take the front rank. Where was so excellent a language as the German for expressing every kind of idea, or one so rich and flexible that the works of Shakespeare and Euripides acquired an additional charm after having passed through the medium of the German mind? "Goethe's *Iphigenia*, the poem which of all the works of modern art best attains the spirit of the antique, was nevertheless permeated by a sentiment of loving gentleness such as was never understood by the hard-headed heathen of antiquity." The truth is that Treitschke, for whom the German army like the German language is a moral product, was as far as possible removed from the cynical pessimism of those who would agree with Bismarck that "the most indifferent arguments are good when one has a majority of bayonets." No word is on his tongue more often than "moral" or "morality." He despises England, not because she is weak, but because Englishmen are dominated by mercenary ideals which they hide behind a mask of canting hypocrisy. For Treitschke, history is the result of moral forces, the revelation of the moral law; and if Prussia has succeeded in making Germany great, if Germany is destined to a position of predominance in the world, it is because Prussians better than other Germans, and Germans better than non-Germans, abide by this law which their philosophers have discovered and which their history confirms. Fundamentally, Treitschke is not an historian, but a preacher; a preacher, in dead earnest, who illustrates from the history of nations the text that we Germans are the people and wisdom shall die with us.

The doctrine that success, in the long run, is the *evidence* of right, is perhaps the only philosophy to be derived from history studied objectively, as a record of what has occurred in the world. If, as the nineteenth century would have us believe, there is for us no revelation through inspired book or infallible inner light of conscience, if for us the only revelation is through nature and history rationalized, what is left but to say with Hegel: "The actual is the rational and the rational is the actual"? What is there for the historian to do but to find the qualities that explain the success of one nation over another, and, having found them (he should indeed be very sure that he *has* found them) pronounce them good? But, obviously, good in a relative sense only. And this is important. If success is evidence of virtue, we must wait for the success before affirming the virtue; the virtue is relative only to the particular situation, not an inalienable possession of which we can assume the effectiveness in any other situation. This is a philosophy, therefore, excellently adapted to explaining the past, but dangerous in the extreme for predicting the future.

Now, in the minds of the men who for the last decade have governed the Empire, the very men who have read Treitschke's "History" and have listened to him, at Berlin, preaching the incomparable virtues of the German people, this philosophy has suffered a curious transformation. These superior German virtues have, in their minds, taken on an absolute character, have come to be regarded as something innate, as something which cannot be lost by Germans or acquired unaided by nations less favored of the gods; and thus is Germany's supremacy in the twentieth century thought to be an assured, indeed a necessary, result. Instead of success being taken as an evidence of superiority, an assumed superiority is taken as clear evidence of a cosmic mission which must fail unless the Fatherland shall bestride the narrow world like a colossus. "It is perfect nonsense," says Herr Rohrbach in his "German World Policies," to say that Germany needs colonies for her expanding population. On the contrary, Germany needs an expanding population in order to give "enduring strength to her material expansion," the end of material expansion being the extension of "the German idea in the world." What! Must the German mission fail because of a declining birth rate and the weakness of diplomacy in face of a consolidated *Entente!* Where, then, is this boasted German superiority? German superiority must be proved at all costs, and for that the good sword alone remains. Thus was the Great War *inevitable.*

In such devious ways has the doctrine that virtue will clothe itself with power been transformed into the doctrine that the exercise of power is necessary to maintain an alleged virtue. The Germans of to-day, by dint of applying the lessons of their historians not wisely but too well, have somehow managed to get ahead of the schedule. They have discounted the historical process in order to realize on future values. It would be more modest, and more in accord with a safe philosophy of history, to let coming events reveal the continued superiority of the German nation. But the patient Germans are singularly impatient; without waiting for God to dispose, they have themselves, assuming the task of Fate, and with their accustomed efficiency, made to-morrow's programme in the Foreign Office. Thus have the Germans, so practical in dealing with the material world, lost touch with reality in dealing with the moral world. Professed devotees of *real-politik*, they remain idealists and doctrinaires to the end of the chapter!

CARL BECKER.

THE ESSAY IN ENGLAND.*

It would not be easy to find a recent volume of literary criticism which more admirably satisfies a genuine need than Professor Walker's study of the English essay. The rather peculiar difficulties about defining and evaluating the modern essay, touched upon in the author's Introduction, are likely to pique the curiosity of even superficial readers; while the comparatively late appearance of the type, placing Bacon practically at the head of its English pedigree, spares the historian the necessity of the extremely attenuated treatment and constant shift of critical attitude incident to attempts at sketching the progress of older literary forms.

Professor Walker's twelve chapters, tracing the essay's evolution from the pre-Baconian "Anticipations" to "Some Essayists of Yesterday" i. e. Andrew Lang, Lafcadio Hearn, George Gissing, and Francis Thompson), are themselves instinct with the allusiveness of thought, the epigrammatic grace, and the rich personal flavor which modern prose has learned from the best-loved recent essayists. Certainly it would be difficult to hit upon a better style than Professor Walker's in which to write of essays. The best proof of its entire adequacy is the reader's excited interest as sentence after sentence seems to strike the very heart and soul of the work criticized. The writings of Sir Thomas Browne suggest this notable paragraph:

"Flawlessness is even more rare in prose than it is in verse, and if all the pieces were collected which a reasonable criticism could praise wholly without reserve, they would make only a very small volume. But an extraordinary proportion would come from *Urn Burial* — a proportion higher than any other work of equal length would yield, possibly higher than could be gleaned even from the longest works."

Lamb, another essayist whose distinctive merit it is certainly far from easy to express with conspicuous success, calls forth some remarks which no sympathetic reader can let pass with ordinary approval:

"Lamb's friends loved him and admired him; and yet they had more than a suspicion that in the weightier matters they were his superiors. They were not. Lamb was, among other things, one of the wisest men of his time. The evidences of this wisdom are to be met with everywhere. It is the essence of Lamb's criticism. No one but a man endowed with the very genius of common sense could have been so uniformly right as he. Taste alone will not do."

Has the Olympian sweep and majesty of Dryden's prose, before which all lovers of undefiled English must adore, ever been better characterized than in the following sentences?

"The great merit of Dryden is that his style would have suited Solomon when he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. No style written before is comparable with it in range. Its characteristics are lucidity and easy grace. It flows on apparently without effort and with that perfect art which conceals art. But it is art, not chance. Evidently Dryden deliberately steered clear of the Scylla and Charybdis on one or other of which nearly all his predecessors were apt to strike. . . He saw two deviations from what he would have called nature. It was a deviation to conceal meaning under verbal quibbles and by excessive condensation; it was equally a deviation to conceal it in the maze of long involved sentences. The first business of prose was to convey a plain meaning unmistakably; and this was best done by a style based upon that of conversation, yet differing from it as the permanent will differ from the temporary and the studied from the spontaneous. Such seem to be the principles that underlie the prose style of Dryden."

The vexed question of the relative merits of Steele and Addison has seldom if ever been more trenchantly answered than thus: "There is such a thing as tone in writing, as well as style, and Steele at his best is as much superior to Addison in the former quality as he is inferior in the latter." Again, the one mighty reservation which must always qualify our admiration of Macaulay's splendid achievement in letters could hardly be better ex-

* THE ENGLISH ESSAY AND ESSAYISTS. By Hugh Walker, LL.D. "Channels of English Literature." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

pressed than as Professor Walker expresses it: "There are no dim vistas in his writings; no man could be less of a mystic than he."

Professor Walker's appraisal of Bacon brings up fairly what is doubtless the most important question in the general criticism of the essay. He says:

"Bacon is too stately, and his thought is too profound, to permit us to speak of the essays as the confidential chat of a great philosopher. . . Just here we detect the secret of Bacon's inferiority (of course merely *qua* essayist) to his model Montaigne or to the greatest English master of the form, Charles Lamb. The ideal essay seems to imply a certain lightness and ease, and a confidential relation between the author and the reader. That we find in *Oxford in the Long Vacation* and in *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*. But not in Bacon."

This verdict against Bacon will be generally accepted at the present day. Yet on further thought the reader may well ask himself whether Bacon's essays can safely be regarded as inferior to Lamb's when both are viewed *sub specie immortalitatis*. The charming lightness of Lamb is achieved, in a large part of his work at least, at the cost of a leaning toward artificiality and affectation, which may render him two centuries hence a much less vital force than Bacon is to-day. Can it not be fairly doubted whether Bacon's language and attitude deserve the epithet of "stately," when compared with average Elizabethan prose — for example, with that of Sidney or Hooker or Ben Jonson? And may we not reasonably apprehend that the mere process of time, which has lent a somewhat stately tone to the essays on "Studies" and "Truth," may render the "Chapter on Ears" positively grotesque?

English essays have been written, as it were, in three persons. Those of Macaulay, of Addison, and of Hazlitt, and Dryden's prefaces, are third-personal. In the best of these, the writers seek conscientiously the expression of ideas of universal validity, irrespective of the special tastes of the authors or the peculiar interests of any particular class of readers. Such, we think, should be called, in a phrase which Professor Walker invents for another purpose, "essayists of the centre." The majority of the best English essays are doubtless of this type, and it would almost savor of literary snobbery to doubt that they have as a whole the best chance of weathering the fluctuations of changing taste.

Bacon's essays would inevitably be notable both for their enormous fund of abstract wisdom and for the tremendous personality of their author; but to be properly appreciated they must be read with a clear conception of the type of person addressed. They are distinctly essays of the second person. Their content and their form are determined by Bacon's vivid mental image of his ideal reader: the young Elizabethan (or Jacobean) of strenuous ambition and large opportunity, intent upon the completest self-realization in public life. Writers as different as Steele, Thackeray, and Stevenson can be grouped in the same class. On the whole, the germinal principle in their most characteristic essays is neither the person speaking nor the things spoken about, but the reader addressed,—the society person of Queen Anne's Age, the early Victorian "snob," or the morally and artistically unsteadied doubter of the "yellow nineties." In all such essays the hortatory imperative is latent if not expressed.

Lamb, Fuller, and Sir Thomas Browne belong to the third class of essayists: those who write mainly in the first person, whose especial charm lies in their frank portrayal of their own delightful individualities. Professor Walker's treatment of these writers is particularly happy, and he hardly hesitates to award them the palm over all the other English essayists. Which of us at the present day is likely to act otherwise in selecting reading for our personal amusement? Yet we hardly dare forget that there is a suspicion of the local and the temporal about such a predilection; — that the position of Fuller and Browne as first-class literary figures depends as wholly as that of Lamb himself upon early nineteenth-century taste. Omens like the rehabilitation of Samuel Johnson as a critic and the increasing sympathy for Macaulay suggest that a radical change in taste may even now be on its way,— that soon the business and love letters of a major poet may no longer, as at present, arouse a sincerer interest than his poetry, and that an essayist's habitual exhibition of himself in bedroom slippers, instead of irresistibly attracting, may even revolt us as it would have revolted the eighteenth century.

TUCKER BROOKE.

A YOUNG POET'S TRAVEL IMPRESSIONS.*

Charm of youthful personality and the pathos of an early death in his country's service seem to have given Rupert Brooke a measure of fame that long life and full opportunity to mature his powers as a poet might not have brought him. At any rate there is a manifest disparity between his actual

* LETTERS FROM AMERICA. By Rupert Brooke. With a Preface by Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

achievement in literature and the acclaim he has won on two continents. But whatever his merit as poet, which time will determine with some degree of justice, it suffices for the present to acknowledge that there are a certain undeniable picturesqueness and romance about his youthful and buoyant and eagerly adventurous personality, and that to see the world renew its youth through his young eyes is a refreshing experience. This experience is made possible for all who can read by the publication in book-form of his "Letters from America," chapters of travel that first appeared in "The Westminster Gazette" and, in two instances, at the end of the volume, "The New Statesman."

Mr. Henry James contributes an introduction of some length, in which, characteristically enough, and to the satisfaction of his admirers, there is rather more of the mind and art of Mr. James than of the character and appearance of Rupert Brooke. "Nothing more generally or more recurrently solicits us, in the light of literature, I think," begins the great master of prose, "than the interest of our learning how the poet, the true poet, and above all the particular one with whom we may for the moment be concerned, has come into his estate, asserted and preserved his identity, worked out his question of sticking to that and to nothing else; and has so been able to reach us and touch us *as* a poet, in spite of the accidents and dangers that must have beset this course." And so through three solid pages he marvels at the rare good fortune that has attended poetic genius, in the past and in our own time, in its struggle with the asperities of a harsh and cruel world — which is all excellent in its way, but does not advance us far in our acquaintance with Rupert Brooke. Nevertheless we do gather, in the leisurely course of this preface, the main facts of Brooke's short life. He was born in 1887 at Rugby, where his father was a house-master, and he had two brothers. The father died in 1910, one of the three sons at an earlier date, another in battle on the Western Front, and Rupert himself on a French hospital ship on his way from Alexandria to Gallipoli. He had finished his education at Cambridge, had won a fellowship at King's College, had travelled and seen the world and written two slender volumes of verse; and now his mortal part lies buried on "the steep summit of a Greek island of infinite grace . . placed in such earth and amid such beauty of light and shade and embracing prospect as that the fondest reading of his young lifetime could have suggested nothing better." In addition to the present collection of journalist letters, there is yet to appear, under the editorship of "his intimate and devoted friend," Mr. Edward Marsh, another volume of letters so arranged and annotated as to make "an admirable brief memoir," as Mr. James tells us; and a footnote by Mr. Marsh announces that "there remain also to be published a book on John Webster and a prose play in one act." And now let us turn to the "Letters from America."

Inevitably the visitor's impressions of New York, the port of landing, fill the first few pages of his book. Of the great city in its night apparel of electric light we find him writing as follows:

> "On the Staten Island ferry-boat you slip out from the darkness right under the immense sky-scrapers. As they recede they form into a mass together, heaping up one behind another, fire-lined and majestic, sentinel over the black, gold-streaked waters. Their cliff-like boldness is the greater, because to either side sweep in the East River and the Hudson River, leaving this piled promontory between. To the right hangs the great stretch of the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, its slight curve very purely outlined with light; over it luminous trams, like shuttles of fire, are thrown across and across, continually weaving the stuff of human existence. From further off all these lights dwindle to a radiant semi-circle that gazes out over the expanse with a quiet, mysterious expectancy. Far away seaward you may see the low golden glare of Coney Island."

It is plain from the outset that America is to be viewed with no coldly critical scrutiny, prosaic realities and ugly blemishes are to be thrust into no offensive prominence. Even the plain and undeniable facts of our too commercial, too careworn, too paltry existence are sometimes overlooked, sometimes even denied. Our bustling, hustling, nervous city-dwellers strike this young idealist as presenting faces wonderfully free from wrinkles. "Smoothness is the one unfailing characteristic," he writes. Our women, and our men too, are of a certain stately comeliness in his eyes. "Handsome people of both sexes are very common," he declares; "beautiful, and pretty, ones very rare." Could one ask for a better instance of attributes possessing an excellence not "unborrowed from the eye"?

As was natural and fitting, this young correspondent on his first visit to the New World was vividly impressed by the mere externalities and superficialities which an older, more experienced traveller would have passed by, or passed through, to the substance and meaning underneath. There is lightness and grace and charm in this rapid, careless, yet quickly observant and generously appreciative survey of the wonders of the western con-

tinent. Something more, too, than the surface aspect of things is occasionally reflected in these letters. Whether or not with the clearest discernment, here is what the young Englishman has to say, among other things, of Boston:

"The city sat primly on her little hills, decorous, civilised, European-looking. It is homely after New York. The Boston crowd is curiously English. They have nice eighteenth-century houses there, and ivy grows on the buildings. And they are hospitable. All Americans are hospitable; but they have n't *quite* time in New York to practise the art so perfectly as the Bostonians. It is a lovely art. . . But Boston makes you feel at home without meaning to. A delicious ancient Toryism is to be found here. 'What is wrong with America,' a middle-aged lady told me, 'is this *Democracy*. They ought to take the votes away from these people who do n't know how to use them, and give them only to *us*, the Educated.' My heart leapt the Atlantic, and was in a Cathedral or University town of South England."

Characteristic of the writer is the attention he pays, in his first paragraphs on Niagara Falls, to the human element in the surroundings of that wonder of nature. His glance notes first of all the "hotels, power-houses, bridges, trams, picture post-cards, sham legends, stalls, booths, rifle-galleries, and side-shows," that fringe the central attraction. He gives ample space to the "touts" of all kinds, "touts insinuating, and touts raucous, greasy touts, brazen touts, and upper-class, refined, gentlemanly, take-you-by-the-arm touts; touts who intimidate and touts who wheedle," and so on for three-quarters of a page. But at last he comes to the cataract itself and lets himself loose in some fine descriptive writing.

"Here and there a rock close to the surface is marked by a white wave that faces backwards and seems to be rushing madly up-stream, but is really stationary in the headlong charge. But for these signs of reluctance, the waters seem to fling themselves on with some foreknowledge of their fate, in an ever wilder frenzy. But it is no Maeterlinckian prescience. They prove, rather, that Greek belief that the great crashes are preceded by a louder merriment and a wilder gaiety. Leaping in the sunlight, careless, entwining, clamorously joyful, the waves riot on towards the verge."

Not to the beaten track of tourist travel does Rupert Brooke confine himself. After seeing New York and Boston, Montreal and Quebec and the Saguenay, Toronto and Niagara, he extends his journeying to the western prairies and the Rockies, to Winnipeg and the vast Canadian Northwest. The Pacific Ocean, too, and the South Sea Islands (for he was on his way to the Orient) receive some attention as the book draws to a close — a book memorable and of a pathetic, romantic interest because of the attraction one feels for the high-hearted, joyous, engaging young poet who wrote it, and whose pleasing face, let it be added, looks out at us from the frontispiece, giving increased desire to read his letters of a first voyage to the new Far West and the old Far East.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

ROMAIN ROLLAND AS CRITIC.*

A great critic will be likely to work in several different ways. He will generally make some detailed investigations and studies on things of more particular interest to him. He will generally begin in this way and so gain a solid foundation of fact in one place at least. Then he will also make more general studies, or rather write something of a more general character than his own special studies, on the great figures or the great movements or great questions of art that seem to him particularly significant. He will also — nowadays at least — be likely to put his ideas into the form of fiction, and will produce stories, novels, or plays moulded by his feeling for life and art, or expressive of it. And lastly, he will be very likely to say what he thinks on questions of the day. Not all men who may be called great critics have done all these things, — in fact there are but few who do all. But there are so many who do one and another, that all four seem the natural exercises of the critical power.

Romain Rolland has heretofore been most widely known as a novel-writer and a publicist — the two aspects of the critic less commonly thought of till late years at least. In "Some Musicians of Former Days" he is the student of musical history. In these days, when his soul is so wrung with more poignant events, he would perhaps not care to be thought of as the historian of the opera. But for us whatever we can get from his hand is of value, and there is an especial pleasure in reading this book written in happier days, when he could write as freely of Gluck and Mozart as of Luigi Rossi and of Lully. The subject of the book is of less general interest than that of its companion volume, "Musicians of To-day." The early history of the opera in Italy and in France, the work of Lully and Gluck, are subjects of less current interest at least than the work of Berlioz, Debussy, and Richard Strauss, not to men-

* SOME MUSICIANS OF FORMER DAYS. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Mary Blaiklock. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
MICHELANGELO. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Frederick Street. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co.

tion other matters of which he writes in the earlier immensely interesting volume. Here M. Rolland is more of an investigator, a special student. We should be quite unable to offer a criticism of the book in its especial field; indeed there are probably few musical students who know enough of the intimacies of the musical history of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to look at the book from a professional standpoint. But such a criticism is hardly needed for the general reader; for most of us it is enough to say that here is a book by a man of broad view and of intimate knowledge, of very general ideas on art and very particular interest in detail. It is a remarkable combination, more significant really than M. Rolland's essays on subjects more of our own day. You may follow under his guidance along the history of music from very early times, and you may study Lully's recitative and Racine's declamation. There is one good thing about such a combination: it rather insures us against empty generalizations made on slight knowledge, on the one hand, and against the passionate insistence on details that are of little interest or importance except to the writer himself. One reads such a book with a sort of confidence. It not only gives continual ideas, but it makes one feel that one is on solid ground.*

The book on Michelangelo is of another sort; it is one of those larger generalizations which has been mentioned. We do no injustice to M. Rolland to suppose that he is by no means the specialist in the Italian art of the fifteenth century that he is in French music of the centuries following, or in fact to suppose that he has not the particular knowledge of painting, sculpture, architecture, and poetry (for in all these arts did Michelangelo excel) that he has of music. It is as a musical critic that he is especially known, and yet it is one of the notes of his especial view of art that he should comprehend and wish to present the life and work of one of the greatest men in the other arts. He has written a short book on Beethoven in a series called "Lives of Illustrious Men," but for the same series he has also written the lives of Tolstoi and of Michelangelo. This particular book is another study prepared for another series.

This book on Michelangelo is a very characteristic piece of work; it is a study of the man and his influence on his time rather than an exposition of the qualities of the different works of art which he produced. Those who think of art as a storehouse of powers or virtues, each with its especial effect upon the soul of man, will not find here any statement of the impression made by one or all of the works of Michelangelo upon the beholder. M. Rolland goes from the work to the man: "Nothing like Michelangelo had ever appeared before," says he. "He passed like a whirlwind, and after he had passed the brilliant and sensual Florence of Lorenzo de'Medici and Botticelli, of Verrocchio and Leonardo, was ended forever. All that harmonious living and dreaming, that spirit of analysis, that aristocratic and courtly poetry, the whole elegant and subtle art of the 'Quattrocento,' was swept away at one blow. Even after he had been gone for a long time, the world of art was still whirled along in the eddies of his wild spirit." It must have been a mighty force that did any such work; M. Rolland is interested in showing what sort of force it was. We will not discuss that matter; we can fancy that the special students of music or of any of the arts might say that M. Rolland was a biographer or an historian rather than a critic. That matter need not distract our attention at the moment; M. Rolland might well say that music or any other art can never do more than give us the inspiration of a great soul,—in fact, I am under the impression that he has made that statement somewhere.

M. Rolland believes in great men. In 1903 he wrote as follows:

"The air is heavy around us. The old countries of Europe are stifling in a dense and vitiated atmosphere. A materialism without grandeur weighs upon thought and hinders the action of government and individual. The world is dying of asphyxia in an egoism that is base as well as prudent. It chokes.—Let us open our windows. Let us let in the fresh air. Let us breathe in the air which has given life to heroes."

This he wrote in an introduction to a life of Beethoven,—"notre Beethoven," as he likes

* It is hard enough to give a true idea of M. Rolland's powers without stopping for minor linguistic corrections. The translation of "Musiciens d'autrefois," though in the main good, is quite often incorrect, not by the accident of a mistake here and there, but apparently as a result of not knowing enough of the author's style and subject. On page 39 the translation reads "the stag by St. Eustace's crucifix"; the original reads "du cerf au crucifix de saint Eustache." It was, of course, the stag which had the crucifix,—between his horns. Such errors (and there are a number of them) are not vitally important; rather more so to our mind is an error of another kind which occurs now and then. M. Rolland says something of art or life in general; the translation puts it down to some particular time and place. Speaking of the art of music of the sixth century, the translation says on page 8: "From Rome it went to England, to Germany, and to France; and no art was more representative of its time." M. Rolland wrote: "Jamais art ne fut plus representatif d'un temps." The same passage shows also a way in which (to our mind) the translation fails to render the original. In many cases where the French has two sentences the translation merges them in one with a semi-colon and an "and" between the two. This is a different way of writing. We think it a poorer way; but at any rate, it is not that of M. Rolland. We have not compared the text of the translation with the original throughout, but we have done enough to show that there are too many errors like these.

to call him,* meaning that a great man belongs to the world. Perhaps M. Rolland was the writer of an anonymous article in the "Revue Bleue" last Fall called "Pourqu-on joue Beethoven." In that article Beethoven and Michelangelo were spoken of together as the "two high-priests of the will to attain their ideal in spite of suffering." By a knowledge of such men we may endure a surrounding world which we think we cannot bear. "We are not alone in the combat. The night of the world is aglow with divine lights."

Such words will have a familiar sound to the readers of "Jean-Christophe." Since he was able, it was most natural that M. Rolland should have liked to imagine and to realize the figure of one who was always a rebel against the circumstances of a society which could not or would not give more than a light moment or two to one who believed in the things of the spirit. "Jean-Christophe" is a biography; in it, as in these critical works, M. Rolland goes straight to the facts of life as he knows them by his creative imagination, just as in the others his critical investigations show him the facts of life in monographs and memoirs.

It would have been astonishing if such a voice had kept silent during the struggles and agonies of the past eighteen months. It is to be regretted that when that voice was heard there was shortly discerned a lack of harmony between its clear note and the voices of his countrymen. Yet it would have been strange had this not been the case. The temper of the political world has in the last half century been strongly nationalistic: such has certainly been the tone in France; those who two years ago read the studies on the disposition of the younger generation (for instance, Agathon's "Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui") will remember that one thing noted there was that the young France of to-day was devoted to a patriotic faith, especially as compared with the generation now passing from the stage. In literature and the arts precisely the other thing has taken place: never has the world of art been so cosmopolitan. In the last fifty years the world has gone well along in realizing the conception which Matthew Arnold voiced for England some fifty years ago, of Europe "as being for intellectual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result." One does not want to depreciate either of those two noble feelings to elevate the other. M. Rolland has certainly never done so. Somehow or other we must have a synthesis of the two, but we have not succeeded in getting it yet.

M. Rolland now lives, we hear, in Geneva. It is a privilege that by the translation of his books he is becoming more and more a well-known figure in our own country.

EDWARD E. HALE.

* The translator of the "Musicians of Former Days" has omitted the word *our* on p. 15. It is possible that the latest French edition does omit it; but whether due to publisher or translator, the omission is unfortunate. M. Rolland himself, in his letter to Hauptmann of August 29, 1914, says "notre Goethe."

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.*

The elaborate "Cyclopedia of American Government," produced under the editorship of Professors McLaughlin and Hart, is an excellent work, which has suffered unduly at the hands of the critics. The present reviewer feels a bit inclined to throw "his hat in the ring," and to write an essay on reviews and reviewers. He will, however, restrict himself to a few pertinent remarks, suggested by the treatment this work has received.

There are two radically different ways of judging a book. According to one method, the reviewer may set up an ideal in his own mind quite different from the ideal of the author, and then blame the author because the latter does not conform to the reviewer's ideal. The author may, for example, have intended to write a history of economic thought or of political theory which shall concisely endeavor to trace out only the great main currents that have made the science in question what it is. Many reviewers seem to think that in such circumstances the book is fruitfully criticized when it is pointed out that certain minor authors are not discussed, although it would have to be an entirely different sort of book which should discuss these minor authors. The second method — and it seems to the present writer the only fair method — is to ascertain the task which the author set himself, and then endeavor to answer the question: In what measure has he successfully performed his task? After this question has been answered, it is appropriate to ask whether the task was one that was worth doing.

In the case of the "Cyclopedia of American Government," it is easy to point out many things which might well have been different. Many articles would be better if they were longer; but this would have necessitated a much larger work. If it is suggested that

* CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. Edited by Andrew C. McLaughlin, A.M., LL.B., LL.D., and Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D. In three volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

many of the articles could have been omitted, this also would imply a different sort of work from that which the editors planned. Let us consider, then, the task the editors set themselves, as they describe it.

They tell us that their experience as students and teachers has shown them the need of an encyclopædia of American Government. In their Introduction they speak as follows of the "range of the work":

"In this work the word 'government' is used as a comprehensive term; it includes the theory or philosophy of political society, the forms of political organization — whether those forms have been laid down in distinct, written law or are only more or less permanent modes of expressing the public will — the methods and agencies by which law or governmental purposes are usually carried out."

Perhaps the real nature of the work could be described better than the editors themselves have described it. It seems to be an encyclopædia for those whose primary interest is the American Government, and to include those articles within the broad field of the social sciences, including history, which would be of concern to such persons; it being understood, however, that the appeal of each article is not primarily to the specialist, but to all those embraced under the somewhat vague expression, "the intelligent public." The preacher, the newspaper editor, the teacher, the politician,— these are some whom the editors have had in mind. Let us quote again from the Introduction:

"The book is meant for the general reader and for those whose interests and duties call them to the study of public affairs; it is meant for the library, the study table, the editorial room, and the classroom; it is meant for the writer or public speaker who wishes to obtain a certain amount of direct, concrete information on a special topic, and desires references to further and more detailed treatment. The editors have kept in mind also the needs of school and college students who wish to extend the information given in the classroom."

How have the editors and the authors accomplished their purpose? The reply must be, "fairly well." They have produced an extremely useful work. The editors, themselves scholars of note, have gathered about them most of the American writers of authority within the field of the social sciences. It was to be expected that there should be inaccuracies here and there, certainly this could not be otherwise in the first edition of a work of this character. The present reviewer has read many of the articles, and those which he has read have been on the whole accurate, concise, and fairly well written. Each article is followed by a brief bibliography, which seems to include the more important works for those for whom this encyclopædia is intended. Those who read the works mentioned will receive sufficient aid for more exhaustive studies, if they care to make them. The economic essays, which are naturally those to which the present writer first turns, are good. Special mention may be made of the articles by Professor E. H. Vickers,— and he seems to have written many. Professor Commons, an acknowledged authority on all labor questions, has made a number of useful contributions. An excellent article by Professor H. J. Davenport on economic distribution deserves mention,— and perhaps also a word of criticism, because it is too technical for those for whom this encyclopædia is intended. It would give ground for great surprise if among those who consult this work one person in twenty would have anything but the vaguest idea of what Professor Davenport is talking about. On the other hand, his essay is a valuable résumé for the special student of economics. Articles by Professors Ernst Freund, W. W. Willoughby, and Jesse Macy will attract attention. It seems somewhat invidious, however, to select out those whose names have been mentioned. Just as good, or perhaps better, articles have been written by others in the large group of contributors.

The law articles are accurate, but they may be criticized as *jejune*. They are too formal; and, so far as the present reviewer has observed, they entirely fail to take note of the new spirit which is entering into the law. They do not give even an approximately adequate idea of the social questions involved in legal discussions at the present moment, and do not suggest the work which has been done in recent years under the designation of sociological jurisprudence.

One does not get the impression that to the editors the preparation of this encyclopædia has been a labor of love. They could hardly have contemplated it as a monument to themselves. Probably they did not look upon it as a work to be revised and re-revised and constantly associated with their names. When it is compared with the German "Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften," the contrast becomes painful. The late Professor Conrad, editor-in-chief of the German work, doubtless looked upon the "Handwörterbuch" as one of his main contributions to economics and political science, and probably would have mentioned his labors in connection with this "Handwörterbuch" as ranking next to his editorship of the "Jahrbücher für Nationaloekonomie und Statistik." The contributors to Conrad's "Handwörterbuch" seem generally to have taken their contributions more

seriously than perhaps most of those who have contributed to the "Cyclopedia of American Government."

Perhaps, however, American conditions are as much to blame as the shortcomings of editors and authors. The publication of a work of this kind appears to be far more expensive in this country than in Germany, and the possible contributors fewer. German publishers seem to find a work like Conrad's "Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften" remunerative, either directly or indirectly; and they are able to get out edition after edition, each one an improvement upon the preceding. It may be doubted, on the other hand, if the publishers of the "Cyclopedia of American Government" will ever get their money back; and it is to be feared that the sales will not warrant new and improved editions from new plates.

The editors should have had more money at their disposal. Then, too, the authors should have put more time upon their work,—if they had been writing for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" they certainly would have done so. Probably it is not possible under American conditions to publish without a subsidy a work comparable to Conrad's "Handwörterbuch." Even if the present work is worth while as having in a measurable degree accomplished its purposes, probably the editors would be well advised not to attempt a similar task again, unless they could have a large and generous subsidy, and so be able to make their work really monumental. The editors gave four years to their task; but doubtless they had their regular duties as university professors to perform, and other literary projects on their hands at the same time.

But after all, both publishers and editors deserve commendation for undertaking a difficult task under discouraging conditions. If a score card is to be filled out with one hundred as the highest mark, the publishers would perhaps deserve a grade of ninety, the editors eighty-five, and the authors eighty-three,—making a composite of all the authors. Those for whom the work is intended will find it well worth while.

RICHARD T. ELY.

A volume of "Studies of Contemporary Poets," by Miss Mary Sturgeon, designed to indicate some of the vital currents in English poetry, will be published during the coming season. The poets dealt with include Rupert Brooke, John Masefield, William H. Davies, Lascelles Abercrombie, James Stephens, "John Presland," and Mrs. Naidu. The studies will be freely supplied with quotations.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Evidence in the Nearing case.

Academic linen when exposed to public gaze may afford quite as undignified a spectacle as that of any other persuasion. Professor Lightner Witmer, of the University of Pennsylvania, has brought together the documents and opinions in "The Case of Dr. Scott Nearing" (Huebsch) with editorial skill and a fair consideration of the party of the other part. One need not conclude that all is rotten in the State of Pennsylvania in order to be convinced that all is not well there. The tenure of academic positions, the grounds of dismissal of Dr. Nearing, the considerations to be observed in academic relations, the merits and demerits of Dr. Nearing as an academic exemplar and public servant, are all involved; and over and above all, the infringement of academic liberty. The evidence of the competence of Dr. Nearing, judged by standards at once critical and appropriate, seems complete; his teaching was effective and appreciated. The question of the influence of a man's temper, manner, poise, in reflecting a responsible sense of his utterances as representative of his University, is a nice one, and less decisive in the present issue. Admissions of indiscretion are rather unpleasantly entangled with reformatory zeal in opposition to views and interests dear to members of the Board of Trustees. Out of the controversial tangle and the series of newspaper charges and countercharges a few things of vital import are clear. The mode of dismissal of Dr. Nearing is indefensible, as equally the policy under which the action was taken is incompatible with the protection of inalienable rights and dignities of an academic position; the mode of government in practice at the University of Pennsylvania is not conducive to the best interests of an institution of the higher learning; the considerations weighing with that body, and the suspicion of employing an official position to undermine the forces which they regard as inimical to their personal interests, and all the underground byways of influence that play their part in the political arena,—these strengthen the charge of dubious integrity of purpose of the trustees. Nothing is white or black; but much of it shades closely into the darker grays of interference with academic freedom. It may be that the dismissal of Dr. Nearing was both wise and defensible. The manner of his taking off and the disclosure of the questionable "diplomatic" setting of the Nearing case leave an unpleasant impression, which it is the business of those concerned and directly

charged with the future of the University of Pennsylvania to remove as vigorously and as promptly as possible. That venerable institution has too important a place in the history of the education of this country to tolerate even a suspicion of a blot upon its escutcheon.

Contemporary French novelists.

An introductory chapter to the second series of Miss Winifred Stephens's "French Novelists of To-day" (Lane) elaborates the theory that "the French novels produced since the beginning of the century show that France, like the rest of Western Europe, has been experiencing a revolt against intellectualism; that in French writers there has been a tendency to return to authority — to evince a preference for instinctive rather than rational methods, to insist that man is after all only a little bit reasonable, that reason plays a very minor part in his life; and even to minimise that minor part." The chapter makes a fairly successful effort to clarify that which can never be fully clarified for English or American readers,— the interwoven influences of politics, religion, and philosophy which must form the background for the study of any French man of letters. Frequent reference to two notable figures, Charles Maurras and Maurice Barrès, lends the discussion concreteness. Thereafter consideration is given, successively, to Marcelle Tinayre, Romain Rolland (with a separate chapter on "Jean Christophe"), the Tharauds, René Boylesve, Pierre Mille, and Jean Aicard. In each case the life and the intellectual development of the writer are traced, the important works summarized, and the novelist's art and theories subjected to balanced if not always searching criticism. The volume, which is provided with portraits, an index, and brief bibliographies, very well serves its purpose of introducing the English-speaking reader to several novelists of contemporary France.

Memoirs of a Japanese diplomat.

Some interesting light on fairly recent Japanese diplomacy may be found in "The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi" (Putnam), which have been edited by Mr. A. M. Pooley, formerly Reuter's Correspondent in Japan. The chapters dealing with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, by far the most interesting in the volume, were published in Japan and abroad in 1913. Mr. Pooley, however, secured a new text, as well as additional chapters of the unfinished memoirs, and has reprinted several articles by Count Hayashi from Japanese periodicals. The negotiations leading to the first Anglo-Japanese Alliance are dealt with in full, for Count Hayashi was Minister to Great Britain and a warm advocate of the arrangement. There was, however, some discussion of a Russo-Japanese Alliance at this time, in which Prince Ito and Marquis Inouye, two of the Elder Statesmen, were prominent; and Prince Ito actually took up the matter with Russian statesmen in Petrograd while Hayashi was negotiating in London. Although there are brief chapters on the American-Japanese notes of 1908 and the Immigration Question, they are less suggestive than those in which Count Hayashi defends the policy of the Saionji Ministry toward China. As he had been Minister to China as well as Minister for Foreign Affairs, his views on the Chinese question are well worth noting. He frankly states that Japan drove Russia out of South Manchuria for purely selfish reasons. He believes that there will be many questions to be settled between Japan and China, but he counsels moderation and patience. He stands for the principle of the integrity of China and the "open door," and asserts "there is no longer any desire to obtain control of parts of China, for China is a very difficult country to manage and the population is very large." But he also believes "the way to deal with China is for the Powers to combine and insist on what they want and to go on insisting until they get it." Perhaps the recent Sino-Japanese negotiations might have taken another course if Count Hayashi had lived and held his old portfolio in Tokyo.

Sprightly chatter about the theatre.

Mr. George Jean Nathan's "Another Book on the Theatre" (Huebsch) is described by its author, a New York professional dramatic critic, as "a collection of haphazard, fugitive and some might say impudent reflections in and on the mirror which the theatre is supposed to hold up to nature but with which, instead, it more often holds up its patrons." It differs from most books on the theatre by concerning itself with actual drama on the stage rather than with literary drama in books. Mr. Nathan declares himself a destructive critic. "The destructive critic occupies an honest and helpful position in the community. He is to drama what vaccine is to smallpox. He makes a bit of a mess, to be sure, and a lot of children kick around with a vague idea that they ought to combat him, and he makes a great many persons sore, but he does not fail of his purpose." In this destructive capacity, Mr. Nathan assails everybody and everything in the theatrical world. He assails "constructive" critics as "mountebanks, those bizarre minstrels who

bore peaceful managers and rich playwrights and poor actors and a helpless public with sapient twaddle anent technique, the unities of Aristotle and other anachronistic wisdoms." He assails "the toothless professors of the traditions and the kindly conservative quacks." He assails the theatre-going public: "We Americans are critically a nation in the constant state of having just had three cocktails on an empty stomach. We are ever ready and eager to cheer the guesswork of the nearest press agent. We are the back-slappers of the cosmos, the have-a-drink convivials of the world of art, the good fellows, the lodge brothers—and the come-ons. . . We welcome all artists but artists." He assails most of all, of course, plays, playwrights, players, and managers. His book is full of well-deserved ridicule, satire, burlesque, and downright condemnation. For this we are all grateful. It is too full, however. Mr. Nathan yields to the temptation inherent in facile wit and the knack of "punchy" language, and defeats his own purpose by a certain indiscriminateness of attack. He reminds us of his own definition of the "young dramatic critic" as "being usually inclined to throw his education around and to concern himself with being assiduously witty." There is really not much excuse for the printing of such criticism in book form. In spite of its praiseworthy stand for dramatic art, it contains little that is not journalistically smart and exaggerated in both matter and language. Its chief appeal will be to theatre-goers in New York and other large cities where there is still acted drama. Add to this that it contains too much sex wit. Old-fashioned Puritan reticence was at least as moral as modern so-called truthfulness, and quite as funny.

An English diplomat in Constantinople.

Sir Edwin Pears has published his memoirs of life in Turkey under the title, "Forty Years in Constantinople" (Appleton). The number is really an understatement, for Sir Edwin's residence in Turkey extended from 1873 to 1915. During that time he witnessed three revolutions, saw three Sultans deposed and eleven British ambassadors come and go. Although he held no official position, his eminence as a lawyer in the Consular Courts and his long experience of affairs in the Near East combined to make him a valued unofficial adviser of the British government. One can readily understand how the transparent honesty and sound common sense of this sturdy Yorkshireman must have proved of inestimable assistance in dealing with the tortuous Levantines. Sir Edwin's reminiscences are based on memory, his books and notes having been left in Constantinople when he was compelled to depart in December, 1914. This no doubt accounts for the somewhat sketchy nature of the first part of the book. The second, and for us the more interesting, half deals with events from the beginning of the Young Turk movement to the outbreak of the present war. The book is soberly, even dully, written, but compels interest because it is a record of great events sincerely observed. There are incidental pictures of many famous men,—Skobeleff, Lord Dufferin, von der Goltz, Biberstein, Abdul Hamid, Enver Pasha, and others. It is Sir Edwin's task also to show how sentiment in the English colony in Constantinople changed during those years from pro-Turkish and anti-Russian to the exact opposites. The author himself was never a Turkophile. As correspondent of the London "Daily News" he was instrumental in arousing English indignation over the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria and thus in influencing Gladstone's later conduct. Nevertheless, Sir Edwin freely recognizes that the Turk in his private capacity is kindly and amiable; it is as a ruler of subject races that he has failed lamentably. "The Turkish government has never known how to treat its discontented subjects in any other way than by means of massacre," is a sentence that has been hideously confirmed by events which have happened since it was written. In the reconstruction which will follow the war he pleads that the seven millions of real Turks be allowed to constitute a nation by themselves, though under no consideration to hold sway over other peoples. Sir Edwin shows clearly from the inside what had already been fairly plain to outside observers, that it was Germany who forcibly jockeyed Turkey into the war in the autumn of 1914. American readers will be interested in the author's praise of the splendid civilizing work of Robert College, and in his appreciation of the services which Ambassador Morgenthau has rendered to all the Western Europeans in Turkey. The handsome book contains many fine illustrations.

A detective story in Latin.

Admirable indeed is Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice's courage in continuing the publication of his "Mount Hope Classics" in the face of an inevitable popular indisposition to buy and read even current fiction in Latin dress. But he has distinguished company in his endeavor to find fit audience, though few; and the appreciation he meets with must make up in

quality what it lacks in quantity. Volume three of the series is just out (volume two, a collection of short stories, being delayed) and is entitled "Mysterium Arcæ Boulé." No profound knowledge of Latin is needed to enable one to recognize in this Mr. Burton E. Stevenson's detective story, "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," though why the translator, Dr. Arcadius Avellanus, chooses to accent the famous French cabinet-maker's name and thus mystify the reader, passes understanding. André Charles Boule (or Boulle) pronounced his patronymic in one syllable, and so unquestioned is this pronunciation that "Boule work" is often written, in German fashion, "Buhl work." As might have been expected, a modern novel of this kind offers opportunity for much ingenuity in Latinizing colloquialisms; and praise is due the translator for his linguistic dexterity. Here are a few examples. "You blithering idiot!" becomes, in the speech of the ancient Romans, "Bipedum stultissime!" "It's all right" is put with even greater brevity, "Nihil mali." "Well, I'll be damned!" is not quite so easily recognized in "Quid, malum!" "It's too much for me" is translated, "Vires meas omnino excedit." Occasionally a somewhat unnecessary departure from the letter of the original is to be noted. Before one has read twenty lines a noticeable instance occurs. The narrator speaks of walking "toward Washington Square, just above which, on the Avenue, the old Vantine mansion stood." These words become in Latin, "versus Compitum Washington, paullo supra eum locum Plateæ, ubi vetustæ ædes Vantinianæ stabant," which does not reproduce the relative clause of the original. Again, at the beginning of chapter eight, "Give him a whiff of this" (referring to a bottle of ammonia) is rendered, "Præbe illi paucas guttas ex hoc." *Halitus* would seem to be nearer the mark than *gutta*. But enough of hair-splitting. It is a first-rate book with which to polish up, easily and enjoyably, one's rusty Latin. Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice, 37 Wall St., New York, is the publisher.

Ethical aspects of the Freudian theory.

Under the suggestive title of "The Freudian Wish" (Holt), Professor E. B. Holt of Harvard University has produced a thoroughly readable and in some aspects notable book. The much discussed and equally disparaged and acclaimed doctrine of Freud has enlivened psychological discussion in many a field. The doctrine attaches significance to the by-products of the mind's occupations, and sets forth the mechanism in which meaning lies. Life is a conflict between desire and the restricted range of expression which opportunity, convention, scruple, restraint, and all the many forces of repression make possible or seemly. The undercurrent of desire breaks through in occasional indulgence and sporadic reactions, and yet more subtly and evasively in a series of minor lapses and unabsorbed impulses now caught, examined, and disclosed by the insight of a Freudian scrutiny. Dreams, jokes, forgettings, mis-speakings, are all similarly significant; they reveal a covertly entertained longing or wish, and have an intricate motive history. Professor Holt develops the ethical import of the Freudian doctrine, and sets forth with much ingenuity how the conflicts of duty and of moral hesitation find their clarification in Freudian terms. Much of this exposition and analysis is as much Holt as Freud, but it is consistently developed from the Freudian premises. It harks back to Spinoza as the original Freudian, in his statement that thinking and wishing are one; and it harks back to the Socratic method, as well as to the Socratic doctrine that makes ethical conduct the most discriminating wisdom. It is the resolution of doubt by the absorption and integration of conduct in a higher unity of consistency (as opposed to the yielding of compromise and to the ascetic rejection and repression) whereby inner conflict develops rather than thwarts. The doctrine as it is thus barely outlined seems meagre and poor to account for the richness of actual experience; but significance lies in rating, and motives are as important as actions. What often repels in the Freudian view is not the principle of interpretation, but the detailed reference of trivial inclinations to areas of desire, such as that of sex most conspicuously, quite too remote, and equally quite too pathological, to form an acceptable *raison d'être*. It is indeed unfortunate that the Freudian principle has come so largely into psychology with a pathological tang; and it is one of the merits of Professor Holt's little contribution that it restores the perspective by an exegesis in normal terms and familiar situations. But where conclusions are no longer repugnant, they still seem far-fetched, like etymological derivations of obscure expressions whose history is really conjectural. But therein lies the psychological lure. Men will delve for significance so long as the prospect is promising; and the discoveries of Freud, though they may not prove in all cases to be readily worked goldmines, have opened valuable veins in the subterranean galleries of the mind.

Physiological and psychological effects of war.

Among the books produced by the war, Dr. George Crile's "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace" (Macmillan) is unusual and especially interesting. It is a very readable account of a physician's observations of the physiological effects of the various phases of war on combatants and non-combatants. What herculean performances of endurance are performed by men under the extraordinary stimulus of combat is most entertainingly stated, and fortified by excellent and abundant illustrations. Particularly noteworthy is the absence of pain when soldiers are under high tension, and the support this gives to Dr. Crile's belief that pain has its basis in muscular reactions. The fighting instinct, according to Dr. Crile, is a race inheritance which has left what he calls "action patterns" in the mind of man. War is a stimulus which causes man to act; action is his safety valve, forced inaction his undoing. Hence the desire of generals to have armies doing, or thinking they are doing, something. Hence also the deleterious effects on a population, like that of Belgium, which is estopped from acting according to its desires. Action patterns come not only as a race inheritance but as the result of education. Of this Germany furnishes the best illustration. Dr. Crile sees the significance of this, and urges deliberate effort to impress peace patterns on the human mind as the best and most effective way of ridding the world of the curse of war.

Selections from a famous American journal.

Under the title, "Fifty Years of American Idealism" (Houghton), Mr. Gustav Pollak has edited a volume of editorial comment and representative essays from "The Nation," covering the fifty years of that journal's existence. Professor Lounsbury's review of Taine's "English Literature," upon its appearance in English, 1872; an estimate of Joseph Henry by Simon Newcomb, 1878; A. V. Dicey on "American Conservatism," 1880; Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve on the production of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" at Harvard, 1881; Carl Schurz on "Responsible Government in Germany," 1881; an estimate of Helmholtz by C. S. Pierce, 1894, and of Gladstone by James Bryce, 1898, are among the best of the essays presented; while the selections from "The Nation's" editorial comment cover almost every important problem which has been before the public since the Civil War. For the fiftieth anniversary number of "The Nation," July 8, 1915, Mr. Pollak wrote an article on "The Nation and Its Contributors." This article, expanded to a length of over eighty pages, and including the editors along with the contributors, forms the introduction to the present volume. Those readers who are familiar with "The Nation" need not be told that the selections reproduced are characterized by a high moral tone, serious earnestness of thought, and excellent English expression. It is a presentment in which the friends and sponsors of the journal may well take pride.

British restraints on our commerce.

Under the misleading title of "Economic Aspects of the War: Neutral Rights, Belligerent Claims, and American Commerce in the Years 1914-1915" (Yale University Press), Mr. Edwin J. Clapp deals mainly, though not exclusively, with the British Orders in Council relative to neutral trade with Germany. The book was written, Mr. Clapp tells us, because it seemed to him that "we Americans were paying too much attention to the affairs of the belligerents and too little to our own." The writer begins by a brief statement of the rights of neutrals on the high seas and in the conduct of international trade, as formulated by the London Naval Conference of 1909 and the Hague Conventions, and then proceeds to show how, in the stress of actual war, England and Germany, but England chiefly, have failed to conform their war practices to the rules thus established. After discussing the trade situation during the early months of the war, the extension of the list of contraband goods, and the methods England took to prevent the neutral nations from supplying Germany with the necessities of war, Mr. Clapp deals successively with the attempts to continue the trade in the more important commodities, such as grain, meats, cotton, coffee, rubber, wool, tea, potash, dye-stuffs, fertilizers, and oil. Trade in these articles should be free and untrammeled by Orders in Council, Mr. Clapp argues, because historically speaking they have always been so treated in times of war and because otherwise the United States producers are deprived of a valuable market both during and after the war. Although, according to Mr. Clapp, Germany cannot be starved out during the war, she can be forced to become self-supporting in all these commodities, and thus after the war a valuable customer will be lost to us. England should be made to observe the usual rules of trade; and if necessary to secure the rights of neutrals, the United States should declare an embargo on the exportation of arms. There would be no need of a formal session of Congress, the writer affirms, to accomplish this. Let the State Department but intimate that the Administration is prepared to call such a session and the desired result would be

obtained (p. 308). The book testifies to the efficiency of the English Admiralty in enforcing the blockade of German ports, and in suppressing trade which, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance, has been regularly carried on through the countries adjacent to the German Empire.

The harvest of a quiet eye.

Thoughtfully observant of every-day events is the anonymous author of "On Staying at Home, and Other Essays" (Longmans), who merely designates himself on the title-page as "the author of 'Times and Days,' etc." But good wine needs no bush, and a good book needs no sounding name after its title. Sane and sensible is one's outlook on the world when one can say, as this author opens his book by saying: "I confess I have no sympathy with those that travel. I think it is empty heads that make itching heels, and I am convinced that wise people can learn more by staying at home than by going abroad." Excellent also and typical of the tone of these unpretentious but well-written essays is the following: "If you prefer to be appreciated by some of the best, you will live quietly, think sedately, write slowly, and be careless whether the 'run and read' reviews praise or dispraise, so long as your own taste and conscience can accept your work as worth doing." This, too, is good: "A vase is made of clay, let us say, which is its substance; but it is not a vase unless it has shape. And so a truth may be all very well, but *the* truth is the way it is presented to you, and the style or manner is as essential to the result as the substance or message which is conveyed." But as the author, in his penultimate essay, censures excessive indulgence in quotation, we must refrain from further sampling of his wares. Two-score topics (less two) are handled with penetration in the little book, which is from no 'prentice pen, as there are twelve other volumes already to the author's credit, as enumerated on the reverse of the half-title.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Familiar Letters: English and American" selected and edited by Professor Edwin Greenlaw, is a recent addition to the "Lake Classics" published by Messrs. Scott, Foresman & Co. The following authors are liberally represented: Gray, Cowper, Lamb, Irving, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Dickens, Huxley. The little volume deserves a warm welcome, for it covers a field that has long awaited from a compiler's hand just such competent and scholarly treatment as Professor Greenlaw has here succeeded in giving it.

Students of mediæval literature will welcome from the workshop of that distinguished scholar, Professor Gollancz, a new edition of "The Parlement of the Three Ages" (Oxford Press). For this interesting fourteenth-century alliterative poem dealing with the "nine worthies," the editor has provided full critical apparatus. But, more than that, he has made accessible almost for the first time the fullest mediæval treatment of the eternally popular subject of heroes. We are especially grateful when we can have such attractive printing of mediæval texts.

Several of the prominent educators of the country have contributed interesting and valuable papers to "Readings in Vocational Guidance" (Ginn), edited by Mr. Meyer Bloomfield. As a convenient handbook of the best thought on the subject, the volume will probably be found indispensable to those interested. In the preface, Mr. Bloomfield defines vocational guidance as "organized common sense used to help each individual make the most of his abilities and opportunities." The need for this organized common sense has been revealed either in the frequent failure of youth to supply the required initiative to work out the beginnings of a successful future or in the failure of society to present the proper surroundings in which it can be done. Even a casual reading of this book suggests that our "organized common sense" has been strenuously directed toward correcting the first of the two evils. Perhaps danger lurks there. We are so intent on shaping the peg to fit it into the square hole, that, to drop the figure, we may fail to emphasize the greater need of reconstruction of our industrial system so that it will meet, more fully and more generously, the varying demands of the individual.

"Those who are stricken with great misfortunes often suffer intensely from the lack of sympathetic imagination in those who are about them." Thus writes, most truthfully, Mr. Robert Hichens in the opening piece of "The Blinded Soldiers and Sailors Gift Book" (Putnam), which has an occasional word that, like Mr. Hichens's observation, ought to shame us out of our wonted cheerfulness over others' ills. Mr. George Goodchild edits and sympathetically prefaces this collection of prose and verse signed (in facsimile) with such eminent names as Edmund Gosse, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, Gilbert Parker, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Beatrice Harraden, Austin Dobson, A. C. Benson, and others, to the number of nearly two score. Illustrations by distinguished artists are interspersed, and Milton's two sonnets (XIX and XXI) on his blindness appropriately close the book. By a curious error, the frontispiece, which might be a street scene in "Cranford," with crinolined women as the chief figures, and hardly a man in sight, is labelled "The Blinded Soldier." Of varying excellence and on widely varying themes are these gratuitous contributions; but surely the purpose of the volume — the forwarding of the good work at St. Dunstan's in helping the blinded war-victims to help themselves — should procure for it a good sale.

Notes.

A new edition of Mr. Lorado Taft's "History of American Sculpture," long out of print, will shortly be issued.

A new novel by Mr. George Agnew Chamberlain, to be entitled "John Bogardus," is announced by the Century Co.

"The Side of the Angels" is the title of Mr. Basil King's fortheoming novel, which Messrs. Harper promise for immediate issue.

"Others," an anthology of new verse edited by Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, is scheduled for March publication by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf.

"The Making of Modern Germany," by Professor Ferdinand Schevill of the University of Chicago, is announced for publication this month by Messrs. McClurg.

Professor George Saintsbury's fortheoming book, "The Peace of the Augustans," will present "a survey of eighteenth century literature as a place of rest and refreshment."

Four million copies of "Hindenburg's March into London" have recently been sold in Germany. An English translation by Mr. L. G. Redmond-Howard is announced.

The new volume of essays by Mr. Arthur Symons, of which the English edition has already been announced in these pages, will be issued in this country by Messrs. Dutton.

A new edition of Ruskin's "Praeterita," to be published in three volumes under the title of "The Autobiography of John Ruskin," is announced by Ruskin's English publishers, Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

A new book by Mr. Claude Bragdon, entitled "Four Dimensional Vistas," will be published next month by Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, who has also taken over the publication of Mr. Bragdon's previous books.

Two volumes announced by Messrs. Paul Elder & Co. are "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Feminism" by Professor Paul Jordan Smith and "Great Spiritual Writers of America" by Mr. George Hamlin Fitch.

In recognition of the approaching Shakespeare tercentenary commemoration, Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co. announce a special edition of Mr. William Winter's book, "Shakespeare's England." The edition is to be limited, and each copy is to be signed by the author.

"Just David" is the title of Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter's new novel, to be published in March by Houghton Mifflin Co. Two other novels immediately fortheoming from the same house are "At the Door of the Gate," by Mr. Forrest Reid and "Emmeline" by Miss Elsie Singmaster.

Mr. John Masefield intends issuing during the next few months several new books in limited editions for subscribers only. These books are "Sonnets and Poems," two prose plays entitled "The Locked Chest" and "The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight," a play in verse called "Good Friday," and "Personal Recollections of John M. Synge."

"The Harim and the Purdah: Studies of Oriental Women" by Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper is announced by the Century Co. The author has spent many years in China, Japan, Burmah, India, and Egypt, and has come into the closest contact with Eastern women of every race, class, and type.

The fourth volume of "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," by Mr. G. E. Buckle, in succession to the late W. F. Monypenny, is now in type, and Messrs. Macmillan hope to publish it during the spring. It carries the narrative from the Crimean War days to Disraeli's 1868 administration.

"Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln: The First American," by Mr. Henry B. Rankin, will soon come from the press of Messrs. Putnam. The author was one of the "Lincoln boys" who grew up in the valley of the Sangamon, and was for several years a student in the Lincoln and Herndon law-office.

King Albert has consistently refused to accept M. Maurice Maeterlinck's services in the Belgian army on the plea that the poet's work as philosopher and writer is too valuable. M. Maeterlinck now voices his belief in the justice of his country's cause in a new volume, "The Light Beyond," which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce.

An authorized translation of Dr. C. G. Jung's "Psychology of the Unconscious" is soon to be published by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co., the translation having been made by Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle. Abroad Dr. Jung has been recognized as the founder of a new school of psycho-analysis, called the Zurich school, as opposed to the Vienna school headed by Dr. Freud.

Now that the world war is in progress which he predicted years before its coming, Mr. H. G. Wells is discussing the probability of the establishment of a long world peace. "What Is Coming" is the title of his new book, on the Macmillan announcement list; and in it Mr. Wells attempts to forecast how the people are going to accept the tremendous waste of life and resources, the arrest of material progress, and the universal loss and unhappiness.

In connection with the celebration of the Shakespeare tercentenary, the Columbia University Press will publish in March a collection of essays entitled, "Shakspere Studies." The volume will be under the joint editorship of Professors Brander Matthews and Ashley H. Thorndike of the Department of English and Comparative Literature of Columbia University, and each essay, of which there will be eighteen in all, will be the work of a member of the staff of that department.

A series of books by representative writers on the philosophy of the war is announced by the Open Court Publishing Co. The titles will include: "Above the Battles," by M. Romain Rolland; "Germany Misjudged," by Mr. Roland Hugins; "Belgium and Germany," by Dr. J. H. Labberton; "Neutrality: A Study of the American Press," by Mr. S. Ivor Stephens; and two volumes already issued, "Justice in War Time," by Hon. Bertrand Russell, and "Carlyle and the War," by Mr. Marshall Kelly.

Sir Clements Robert Markham, former president of the Royal Geographical Society, died at his home in the suburbs of London on January 30, after a long life devoted to travel and geographical research. He served in the Navy from 1844 to 1852. Thereupon followed travels in Peru which led to the introduction into British India of the cultivation of quinine-yielding cinchona trees from Peru. He edited twenty-two volumes for the Hakluyt Society, of which he was secretary for several years. His writings include histories of Peru, Thibet, and the Abyssinian Expedition; biographies of Lord Fairfax, Columbus, Major Rennell, Richard III, and Sir Leopold M'Clintock; and several records of his travels in Peru and India.

At the recent public meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres of the Institute of France, its learned President, M. Edouard Chavannes, paid this tribute, in his annual address, to a distinguished foreign correspondent of the Academy, an American who passed away last year: "William Woodville Rockhill, qui fut ministre des États-Unis à Péking, ambassadeur en Russie puis à Constantinople, fut, en même temps qu'un diplomate de grande envergure, un explorateur et un philologue; ses voyages au Tibet et en Mongolie ont apporté des informations entièrement nouvelles à la géographie et à l'ethnographie; ses travaux sur le Bouddhisme d'après les sources tibétaines et sur le commerce maritime des Chinois sont entre les mains de tous ceux qui s'intéressent à la civilisation de l'Extrême-Orient."

The Cervantes Publishing Company has an attractive name, which is a valuable asset to any commercial house. Its recent incorporation and establishment in New York for the publication of Spanish books may be regarded as another sign of our increasing interest in the language and literature of the people whose name and achievements hold so prominent a place in the history of the western continent. The chief concern of the new publishing house will be the yearly issue of "El Anuario Universal," or "Universal Yearbook," devoted, we infer, to Spanish-American interests. First-hand information in commercial, political, and statistical matters will be sought from the governments of the countries concerned, and thus it is hoped to make the publication as nearly accurate as human fallibility will permit. The incorporators are newspaper men, Mr. L. J. de Bekker is president of the company, and its headquarters are at 20 Vesey Street.

John Townsend Trowbridge, poet and author of stories for boys, died at his home in Arlington, Mass., on the 12th inst. He was in his ninetieth year. Mr. Trowbridge was born in Monroe County, New York. In 1847 he removed to New York City, and began to write for "The Knickerbocker Magazine" and other periodicals. The following year he went to Boston, where he later became a prominent member of the literary group in that city. He was one of the earliest contributors to "The Atlantic Monthly," and was a contributor and for a time editor of "Our Young Folks," a periodical later merged with "St. Nicholas." His first book, "Father Brighthopes," appeared in 1856. During a journey abroad in 1855 Mr. Trowbridge wrote his novel of New England life entitled "Neighbor Jackwood," which achieved great popularity upon its publication two years later. Of his numerous boys' books, "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," "Cudjo's Cave," "The Scarlet Tanager," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford" are among the best known. "The Vagabonds, and Other Poems," published in 1869, established Mr. Trowbridge's reputation as a poet; another volume of verse, "The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems," appeared in 1875. For the past half century or more, Mr. Trowbridge made his home on the borders of Spy Pond, in Arlington, a suburb of Boston. His autobiography, "My Own Story, with Recollections of Noted Persons," was published in 1903.

A versatile literary craftsman pays for the variety of his aptitudes by attaining pre-eminence in no one branch of literature. So it was with the amazingly productive Andrew Lang; and so it has proved again with one who is often spoken of as Lang's rival in the field of fairy tales, the gifted and scholarly Dr. Joseph Jacobs, who died at Yonkers on the 30th of January. He was born at Sydney, New South Wales, Aug. 29, 1854, and finished his schooling at Cambridge University. His first visit to this country was in 1896, and it was ten years later that the University of Pennsylvania made him a Doctor of Letters. As scholar, journalist, lecturer, translator, compiler, editor, encyclopædist, and miscellaneous writer, he has made himself known and valued in both Europe and America. Jewish history was his specialty, so far as his restlessly inquiring mind permitted him to have one, and perhaps his most scholarly achievement was the editorship, or co-editorship, of the "Jewish Encyclopædia" published by Funk and Wagnalls. While in England he was made President of the Jewish Historical Society and Secretary of the Russo-Jewish Committee. He edited "The Jewish Year Book" and "The American Hebrew." His best-known books include "Studies in Jewish Statistics," "English Fairy Tales," "Celtic Fairy Tales," "The Jews of Angevin England," "More English Fairy Tales," "Studies in Biblical Archæology," "Æsop's Fables," "Jewish Ideals," "Literary Studies," "Wonder Voyages," and "The Story of Geographical Discovery." A most winsome personality lay behind these numerous and bewilderingly diverse products of authorship.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 76 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

Biography and Reminiscences.

The Life and Times of Tennyson (from 1809 to 1850). By Thomas R. Lounsbury. 8vo, 661 pages. Yale University Press. $2.50.

Theodore Roosevelt: The Logic of His Career. By Charles G. Washburn. With portrait, 12mo, 245 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Froth and Bubble. By M. A. Harbord. Illustrated, 8vo, 335 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $3.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Letters from America. By Rupert Brooke; with preface by Henry James. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 180 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The Greek Tradition: Essays in the Reconstruction of Ancient Thought. By J. A. K. Thomson, M.A.; with preface by Gilbert Murray. 12mo, 248 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Modern Essays. Reprinted from Leading Articles in "The Times"; with an introduction by J. W. Mackail, LL.D. 12mo, 292 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.40.

Father Payne. 12mo, 422 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Silent Shakespeare. By Robert Frazer. 12mo, 209 pages. Philadelphia: William J. Campbell.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

The Middle Miles, and Other Poems. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 12mo, 105 pages. Yale University Press. Paper, 50 cts.

Plays by Anton Tchekoff, Second Series. Translated from the Russian, with introduction, by Julius West. 12mo, 277 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Volume VI, Later Dramas in Prose. 12mo, 419 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Plays by August Strindberg, Fourth Series. Translated from the Swedish, with introduction, by Edwin Björkman. 12mo, 283 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Songs of the Streets and Byways. By William Herschell. Illustrated, 12mo, 148 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.

My Lady's Dress: A Play in Three Acts. By Edward Knoblauch; with introduction by Frank Chouteau Brown. 12mo, 166 pages. "Drama League Series of Plays." Doubleday, Page & Co. 75 cts.

The Seal of Helias: A Classical Drama. By Temple Oliver. 12mo, 80 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.

Versiculi. By Malcolm Clayton Burke. 16mo, 65 pages. New York: Privately printed.

Manhattan. By John Myers O'Hara. Large 8vo, 28 pages. Portland, Me.: Smith & Sale.

The Clash of Thrones: A Series of Sonnets on the European War. By Henry Frank. 12mo, 68 pages. Richard G. Badger. 50 cts.

FICTION.

The Oakleyites. By E. F. Benson. 12mo, 343 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The Accolade. By Ethel Sidgwick. 12mo, 442 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35.

Gossamer. By G. A. Birmingham. 12mo, 295 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25.

Netherleigh. By the author of "Windyridge" (W. Riley). 12mo, 320 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Collected Tales. By Barry Pain. Volume I. 12mo, 306 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.

The Iron Stair: A Romance of Dartmoor. By "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys). 12mo, 346 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

A Man's Reach. By Sally Nelson Robins. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 333 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

Rose Cottingham. By Netta Syrett. 12mo, 399 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

The Conquest. By Sidney L. Nyburg. 12mo, 326 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND ECONOMICS.

Marxian Socialism and Religion. By John Spargo. 12mo, 187 pages. B. W. Huebsch. $1.

English Railways: Their Development and Their Relation to the State. By Edward Cleveland-Stevens. With maps, 8vo, 332 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25.

American Civilization and the Negro: The Afro-American in Relation to National Progress. By C. V. Roman, LL.D. Illustrated, large 8vo, 434 pages. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co. $2.50.

Railway Monopoly and Rate Regulation. By Robert James McFall, Ph.D. 8vo, 223 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper, $2.

Commerce and Industry. By J. Russell Smith. Illustrated, 12mo, 596 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

The National Issues of 1916. By Charles N. Fowler. With portrait, 12mo, 435 pages. Published by the author.

America and the Canal Title. By Joseph C. Freehoff, Ph.D. 12mo, 404 pages. New York: Published by the author. $1.50.

BOOKS ABOUT THE GREAT WAR.

Justice in War Time. By Bertrand Russell. 12mo, 243 pages. Open Court Publishing Co. $1.

The Spirit of France. By Owen Johnson; with drawings by Walter Hale. 12mo, 256 pages. Little, Brown & Co. $1.35.

The Aftermath of Battle: With the Red Cross in France. By Edward D. Toland; with preface by Owen Wister. Illustrated, 12mo, 175 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.

Italy and the Unholy Alliance. By W. O. Pitt. 12mo, 224 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

The Heel of War. By George B. McClellan. 12mo, 177 pages. G. H. Dillingham Co. $1.

Letters from a Field Hospital. By Mabel Dearmer; with memoir of the author by Stephen Gwynn. 12mo, 182 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.

The Warfare of a Nation (Die deutsche Erhebung von 1914): Lectures and Essays. By Friedrich Meinecke; translated by John A. Spaulding. 8vo, 60 pages. Worcester, Mass.: The Davis Press. $1.

Smith on Preparedness. By Simeon Strunsky. 16mo, 48 pages. Brooklyn: B. W. Publishing Co. Paper, 10 cts.

ART AND MUSIC.

The Arts in Early England. By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. Volumes III and IV, Saxon Art and Industry in the Pagan Period. Each illustrated in color, large 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co. Per volume, $7.50.

Extracts from the Diaries and Correspondence of John Evelyn and Samuel Pepys Relating to Engraving. With notes by Howard C. Levis. Illustrated, 8vo, 166 pages. London: Ellis.

The City of Joy: A Song Cycle. Lyrics by Charles Hanson Towne; music by Deems Taylor. 4to, 23 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, $1.25.

The Gothic Quest. By Ralph Adams Cram, F.R.G.S. Revised edition; 12mo, 404 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co.

EDUCATION.

The Golden Age of Vassar. By Mary Harriott Norris. 12mo, 164 pages. Poughkeepsie: Vassar College. $1.

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